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# A "Y" GIRL OVERSEAS



Class

Book

PRESENTED BY









A  
"Y" Girl  
Overseas

Ada Alice Tuttle



# A "Y" Girl Overseas

Extracts from letters written to her  
parents from Europe  
by

**ADA ALICE TUTTLE**

**Y. M. C. A. Worker**

*From the Signing of the Armistice to  
the End of the Following  
Summer*

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ARRANGED AND SUMMARIZED BY H. M. T.

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These letters give a most vivid picture of the conditions under which the work was carried on—sometimes in palaces before officers clubs; sometimes in soldiers barracks under conditions of great discomfort; but always most heartily received, especially by the private soldiers. Miss Tuttle's letters deserve publication as a permanent contribution to the history of the war. They have the intimate touch of personality which always holds the interest of the reader.—Mrs. Helen Ekin Starrett in Portland Oregonian.

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**Portland, Oregon  
1919**

## FOREWORD

Friends of the writer are asked to remember that these letters were dashed off at a high rate of speed, often at the close of a busy day. There was no thought of polishing them for publication, even if there had been time. One letter ends with the words: "I have been three hours writing this letter. It is now 12:30, and I am going to bed. As I write, one thing tumbles out on top of another, and I sometimes feel that there is an unconscionable lot of stuff for you to wade through. But I write what is happening to me, and I assume that you want it all."

H. M. T.

# A "Y" GIRL OVERSEAS

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## CHAPTER I

Paris, the Queen of Cities—Armistice—Red tape—Notre Dame—Champs Elysee—Old papal palace—France gives us gratitude that belongs to Belgium—Delightful walks—King and Queen of Belgium—Baths in Paris—seeming lack of poverty—Piano practice on a "tin pan"—Dinner at a Y. W. C. A. hostess house—Hotel des Empereurs—Funny things seen in Paris—Hints of homesickness.

**P**ARIS, Nov. 12, 1918.—We arrived just in time to see Paris celebrate the signing of the armistice. It is a wonderful thing to have seen. Paris is certainly the Queen of cities, and now she is working herself up into a perfect frenzy of excitement. I had to go to headquarters about 4 o'clock, and had a hard time getting through the dense crowds. It had the Rose Festival beaten a mile. I wish you could see the amount of red tape one has to go through with. I have never before in my life signed so many papers, or given so many of my photographs.

To-day I had a delightful walk along the Rue de Rivoli, to the Place Hotel de Ville, across the Seine to Notre Dame Cathedral, and then across the big Place to the police station. Notre Dame is not like Antwerp Cathedral and others, so hemmed in that it can hardly be seen. I can imagine no finer setting than that of Notre Dame. It is a matter of increasing wonder to me, the hundreds and hundreds of acres, right in the heart of the city, devoted to wonderful buildings, parks and open places. Berlin, as I remember it, is a crude and upstart country town, compared with Paris.

It is an amazing thing to see the way Americans are regarded here. It is "Vive l'Amerique" wherever one goes, and the great trinity of flags which one sees everywhere is of France, England and America. I am grateful for what the gods send. But I feel that we are usurping a

place in the affection of the French people that rightly belongs to Belgium.

\* \* \* \* \*

To-day I walked the length of the Champs Elysee. Our entertainment headquarters and the library for the soldiers—the A. L. A.—are in the old Papal palace, on the Rue d'Elysee, right across the street from the mansion of the president of the French republic.

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Nov. 14.—I saw the King of Belgium this afternoon. We got caught on one of our errands by a procession, and saw both the King and the Queen. I should like to be here when President Wilson comes; I want to see the effect it will have on the thousands of Americans here. The amount of khaki one sees on the streets is really uncanny.

It is funny to hear the Americans discussing baths. Those who used to have a hot bath at night, and a cold shower every morning, now get out a brass band, so they say, whenever they take one. This hotel is a good one, and yet not only do they have no rooms with baths, but they do not even have a bath on every floor. \* \* \*

It is interesting to notice the seeming lack of poverty and deprivation here in Paris. I presume in the war zone it is very different. But every one looks well dressed and well fed, and no beggars are to be seen. At all table d'hotes, meat is served twice a day; and as I notice the prices, they seem about the same as at home. On the whole, vegetables are cheaper, but fruit is out of sight. You wouldn't see such apples in Oregon, even as windfalls. And prices are away up. Lemons are 12 cents apiece. On the other hand, I hear that England has been denying herself everything, for the sake of the people of France. Conditions there are much more acute. Instead of twice a day, meat is served there twice a week.

Nov. 21.—I am getting along, making the best of things, and am contented. But if I allowed myself to, I could be very homesick. I had my first piano-practice this morning on a tin pan at Y headquarters.

This noon I went to a hotel that used to be called the St. Petersbourg. It had the reputation of being very gay. And the humor with which Fate frequently guides the affairs of men has ordained that it should now be managed by the Y. W. C. A. It is a delightful place—no tipping, and meals which cater to American tastes. To-day, for five francs, we had mussels, good-sized portions of veal with onions and mushrooms, creamed potatoes, celery with tomato sauce, and bread and cheese. It was a delicious meal.

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Nov. 27.—I have finally moved from my cold and gorgeous hotel. I have found a small room in a little hotel, with no lift, but nice and homey. I am supposed to have heat in my room, and all for four francs a day. I had a good night, on a comfortable bed, last night. Then I have also found a little restaurant in the neighborhood, where they serve for 2.75 francs a dinner which would cost four to five anywhere else. My noon meal I take at the Y. W. C. A. Hostess House. It costs me five francs, but it is worth it. I enjoy the atmosphere there. \* \* \* Later. Two other Y girls have followed me to this hotel, and so we make quite a nice little party. The people are all so pleasant, it is a welcome change from the surliness of the Central. I judge from what the young woman at the desk said, that it is a little old-fashioned place, where they have had the same clientele for years and years, and so do not make much of an effort to cater to transient trade. There is a darling little salon, with two pianos, both rather out of tune, but doubtless better than we shall have in the future; and we can practice here, without trotting about,

from Dan to Beer-sheba. It has the magnificent name, "Hotel des Empereurs."

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Nov. 29.—We hear that we are to be sent to the south of France as the best place to become acclimated. It is as much to the interest of the Y as to ourselves that we be kept in good condition. They don't want us to come down with pneumonia or bronchitis (as some of the entertainers have done lately) and have to be sent home. \* \* \* One sees some funny things in this town; for example, a big two-wheeled cart, wheels perhaps seven feet high, with a great load, drawn by four big horses, all tandem. And trailers to trucks, twenty or thirty feet long, on two wheels. And I saw one tiny auto, about a third the size of a Ford, looking like a scared baby buggy in the general jam.

My previous training abroad is going to stand me in fine stead. I shall suffer far less than most Americans from differences and inconveniences. Of course, I wish I were home; but that is something to look forward to. And how I shall appreciate it when I get back! I am already at a place where I should be glad to cook again, if only I had a chance. And as for getting my hands on the steering-wheel of an auto—!

When I get back, you may be sure I shall appreciate things; and after my term of service here has expired, I shall not stay one split second longer than I have to!

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St. NAZIRE, Dec. 6.—We gave nine performances in seven days before leaving Paris. We have found our work very interesting. I am accompanist for the others. I play solos when the piano is good enough, and I shall also give readings. We have had all sorts of experiences; hospitals where we performed in the wards; rooms where the boys

were sitting on tables, and we were on the same floor level; huts where there were several hundred present and where we had foot-lights; and officers' clubs where everything was on a grander scale. We have gone by train, by Ford truck where we were nearly jolted out into the mud, and in a beautiful Packard limousine. We have dressed behind packing cases in the cold, with dough-boys darting through, and in luxurious hotel rooms. We have eaten with soldiers of the ranks and with officers.

The work itself is very interesting. The boys make a very inspiring audience, they are so fresh and enthusiastic and seem to enjoy so much what one does for them. Our work is on the order of a good concert program, and as a rule, of course, they don't get many of that sort. They have more vaudeville. A certain element doesn't care for the sort of thing we bring, but a large element does; and in every audience there are many who know good things and are hungry for them. There are always officers in every audience, many of them with West Point training, and certainly they should not be entirely ignored.

After we had finished our program last night, we had to wait over an hour for our car. While we were waiting, I suddenly heard the strains of the Rachmaninoff prelude I had just been playing. I afterwards talked to the boy who was playing. He really played remarkably well, and was playing Chopin's Funeral March when we at last left the place. It shows the sort of thing one has to face in entertaining in this army. In the roughest crowd, there is one who knows. Wherever we go, we hear of some fine singer or pianist; and yesterday some professional stage people were in the audience when I gave my readings. It is a most peculiar condition. The mass of the audience is rough, and you have to handle them as carefully as you would an audience of high-spirited school boys. And yet, among them are such good judges of your best efforts.

Our name is the Victory Company. We were not responsible for that name, and feel it quite a task to live up to it. Other entertainment units also are stationed here.

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ST. NAZAIRe, Dec. 8.—Our food has been arranged for in a wonderful way. Five francs a day gives us three square American meals. At the Y hut they give you a big dish of mush, a buttered slice of white bread, a large cup of coffee or chocolate, and a good portion of jam (not unsweetened stewed fruit, which the French call confiture and charge unholy prices for), but good American jam—all this for breakfast, for one franc. Lunch is a good-sized meal for two francs, bread, meat, potatoes, a drink, fruit, and little cakes. Dinner at two francs is similar. It is a soldiers' canteen, but Y workers have their meals there, too. They must serve hundreds of boys each day. It is a Y canteen, and the workers all seem to be horribly over-worked.

The canteen at meals is interesting to watch. An hour, or an hour and a half before the windows are opened, a line of soldiers begins to form. By the time the windows are opened, there is an extremely long line. On Sundays it doubles back and forth, and about fills this very large hut. Perhaps the meal consists of "meat pie" (but with no crust it is really just beef hash), mashed potatoes, cabbage, chocolate or coffee, and bread pudding. The food is served as in any cafeteria, and the line moves quite quickly. There are many tables, and the only trouble is that sometimes the food gives out. There is always that possibility. For the meal described, two francs is the price. It is a godsend to us. We tried one day getting into line with the soldiers, but an M. P. was so perturbed at the idea of ladies standing in line, when they were supposed to be served first, that

we finally went up to the front. Now we simply step into the line at the source of supplies, and the boys step back for us. I don't like it altogether, but there are only five or six of the women entertainers here, and it seems to be an understood thing among all the boys. They always step back smilingly for us. It is also the understood thing from the Y standpoint.

I feel it is better to do it that way, than to be remarkable.



## CHAPTER II

Entertainment work in Paris and St. Nazaire—Good concert work vs. vaudeville—Character of audiences—Victory party—Food at Y canteen—An amazingly good time—Transportation problem—Horse-back riding a preparation for Lizzie 'bus—Problems of heat, mud and drinking water—Wine and cigarettes for French children—German kindness to our soldiers—Washing barge—Christmas eve—Christmas packages—Canteen girls overworked—Christmas dinner at the Y—Worthless coal—Y secretary from Jerusalem—Negro problem—Wrist watch and darky—Programs at officers' club and motor-base camp—Kittens—Camp guarding German prisoners improved by Y—Cake made by Miss S.—Soldier from Beirut—"The Call of the Wild"—"I bet she could play jazz"—Creative small audience—Program in mess-hall.

**S**T. NAZAIRe, December 15.—Of course, there are many things which I should prefer to have changed in my present life, but I am really having an amazingly good time. The transportation problem is not an easy one. I should think that the Y man who has charge of it would lose his wits completely. He is a harried-looking man. I have seen something of his trials.

Funny as it may sound, my horseback riding is now standing me in good stead. We occasionally ride in a dreadful old Lizzie 'bus, solid tires and no springs, benches that are not fastened down, and only curtains at the backs, so that if a big jolt comes—and it always does—one is in danger of going backwards through the curtains. The roads are sometimes terrible, and the result is that everyone complains most bitterly. Last night, when we reached home, Miss S.— felt almost ill from the jolting she had received. But I can save myself. I may go up in a hurry, but I can come down when I choose. A horse does not always tell you beforehand just what he is going to do. When you have the necessary mental and muscular quickness to keep in the middle of his back, no matter whether he jumps up or sideways, you are much better prepared for a jolty machine and an awful road. I did not say so to Miss S., but I enjoyed the ride. It was bad enough to be funny.

Our one problem is heat, and it doesn't get very cold

here. I forgot. We have two other problems. One is drinking water, which we have to buy in bottles, at quite a good price, and the other is mud. St. Nazaire is the muddiest place on earth. And the middle of the streets is like nothing you ever saw in your life. There is, of course, a solid road bed, but on top is a coating of thick, rich pea soup, which beggars description. Half of the men go around in their hip rubber boots, worn in the trenches. Passing trucks splash mud clear up on the windows of the houses, and sometimes on passers-by. No one attempts to keep his shoes clean. As to the drinking water, it is perfectly awful; has to be treated heaven knows how many times, before it is fit to drink; and then it tastes perfectly vile. I can understand how it is that people are driven to wine.

It is said by those who claim to know that there is a distinct deterioration in the French mental processes to-day, due both to the amount of wine they drink and to the cigarette habit, begun at a tender age by the children. And as to the children, they have all been spoiled and turned into inveterate beggars by our good-natured soldiers continually giving them coppers. \* \* \* Last evening I was talking to a young fellow who has just come back from Coblenz. He said the Germans there treated them royally. I said that that was more of their extremely efficient propaganda. He said that the common people with whom our men came into contact felt that the Americans were their deliverers from the harsh masters they have had. I was also talking to a Y man just back from the front. He says what the boys there most need is entertainment, and their letters from home. \* \* \* I watched a washing barge one day. It was in a muddy, dirty river, and they brushed the garments with soap, rinsed them in this water, the color of the Chicago river, and hung them up to dry. No, thank you. Not for my clothes. The water we get here is queer. It is very yellow, and heaven only

knows how my things will look, after three months of this place. \* \* \* Like every one else here, I am counting the days until I can be at home again.

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SAINTE NAZAIRE, Dec. 26.—On Christmas eve, after our program and dance, we were brought back home in the Major's car, at 12 o'clock. The car was a sedan, but I am ashamed to say I didn't see what make. We saw about 200 boys going to midnight mass in the church here. It seems that the church was packed, about a third of them being French. Then we went to bed, and I went to sleep. During the night I was vaguely conscious of a commotion outside the window, and a voice shouting things, and then I promptly went to sleep again, and slept till it was time to get up. Miss S. didn't sleep at all, so she says. The noise outside was so terrific all night. It seems, judging from her tale, that the whole American army gathered underneath our windows. And the riot they made quite frightened her. Then they began calling off men into companies, and one after another the companies marched off. She can't imagine how I could have slept as I did. Sleeplessness is not one of my troubles, just at present. Nor is lack of appetite. I am always hungry.

And speaking of Christmas, I must tell what the boys did near Vannes. On a hill overlooking the camp they built a huge cross, laid two miles of wiring and put in two hundred electric lights. We saw it illuminated. You can imagine the effect. I helped to tie the Christmas parcels at Camp One. In each parcel were chocolate, chewing gum and two kinds of cigarettes. At that one camp they were making up five thousand of these parcels, all from Y money. There was a terrific amount of work connected with it, which falls on the Y force. The money sent from home is by no means all of it. When I see how these can-

teen girls have to work, it makes me turn pale. They do indeed have to be as strong as horses to stand it.

Last evening at the Y we had a most gorgeous dinner, roast chicken, gravy, peas, potatoes, bread, cranberry sauce, nuts, raisins, chocolate, and some rare little things that looked like croquettes, about two inches long, filled with fondant, covered with chocolate and chopped nuts. Each one had two. The Y said that if they took in enough to pay for the chickens, at four dollars apiece, they would be doing well. In the evening we went to a camp and gave two short entertainments. To-day is the third day of sunshine we have had, and we are revelling in it. \* \* \*

I have had a walk of about two and a half hours this morning, and have seen some very beautiful country. The birds are singing as if it were a spring day, and, best of all, the mud is drying up. \* \* Our present supply of coal is worthless. Miss S. has spent the entire afternoon struggling with our fire. I have simply paid no attention to it, sitting in the other room, and going for a walk when I got cold. The weather still continues delightful, and I consider my way of warming up much better than hers.

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Dec. 27.—Last evening we went to a camp of locomotive engineers. After our program, we watched the rehearsal of a very good darky minstrel show. It was being coached by a lieutenant with rather a fine face. Then, as we were waiting for our 'bus, we visited the secretary in his room. He was a most interesting man, a Syrian, with a college education, and a slight accent in his English, which is otherwise perfect. He was born ten miles from Jerusalem. \* \* \* Yesterday we went back to a negro camp we had visited shortly after our arrival in St. Nazaire. They were then a very delightful, responsive audience. Yesterday they were dull and unresponsive. The mistake had been made of telling them some time ago that they

were going home at once, and now, as we were told by their secretary, they are very restive. Miss S., being a Southerner, understands negroes, and she says they are just like sulky children. She said that when a "nigger" won't sing, things are very radically wrong, and she tried to get them to join with her in singing some plantation songs, but they would not respond. It is certainly a problem how to handle these men of elementary minds, who can't reason things out, and only know that they want to go home, and can't.

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Dec. 28.—This week we have three performances to negroes. Miss S. says that this would be almost impossible for her, were it not for her Christian Science and her natural feelings of right and justice. Southerners would ordinarily about as soon go out and put on an entertainment for horses in the stable. Not that they don't like the blacks, but they consider them a lower order of intelligence. And this happened, last evening. An entertainment party that was in our 'bus went to a certain camp and, seeing negroes there, concluded a mistake had been made, and wandered about until they found a white hut. A program was already in progress there, and it happened that Mr. B., our chief, was there too. So the spokesman of the party, a woman from Texas, announced, with a flash of her eye, that she would entertain no negroes. The argument waxed long and hot, but eventually the lady changed her mind and the party went back to the colored hut. Their frame of mind can be imagined. I hope the negroes did not feel it, or the good that should have been done would have been turned to harin. I imagine that many entertainments are being sent these negroes, probably quite a bit more than usual, because of their particular restiveness. About twenty thousand negroes are in this vicinity.

Before I play, I always take my wrist watch off and put

it on the piano. Heretofore, I have always remembered to pick it up when I finished, but to-day I forgot. On reaching home I missed it, and rushing right back, I arrived at the hut and walked up to the piano, where a negro was playing. I asked him if he had seen my watch. He hesitated for a few seconds, and then drew it out of his pocket. Whether his hesitation was due to a slowness of wit, or to a quick survey of the situation from all its angles, of course I don't know. But it is quite possible that if I had not gone immediately, I should never have seen my watch again. There seems a sort of fate following that watch, first stolen by a house burglar, and now taken care of (?) by a darky!

The best hotel in Vannes, where we recently stayed for a week, is simply alive with negro lieutenants. And Miss S.—a Southerner! She sputtered about it every little while, but of course they were not doing us any harm, so I simply laughed at her. They were many of them fine looking fellows, and behaved in a perfectly civilized way. It is really very pathetic when one thinks about it. Here they are, receiving attention from the French people—French girls usually prefer the attentions of a negro officer to those of a white private—are ordering white servants about, and are seeing what life is like to white people. They must now go home, and with that memory behind them take their place again as inferiors.

We recently gave a program for an officers' club. Mr. C. and I both felt that they made an ideal audience. I felt that I did better than I had done for a long time. But the others felt that they were cold and blasé! Perhaps I mistook those two qualities for mere undemonstrativeness. Being undemonstrative myself, perhaps I imagined a greater interest than they felt. But the response seemed to me ample, and the well-bred quiet was a joy after some of the restless crowds we get among the boys.

A few weeks ago we went to a motor-base camp, and

the audience appealed to me at the time as a particularly fine one. They are stationary, not shifting, as so many camps are. Last evening we went there again, and changed our program entirely. I tried for the first time, "Jim, Eaten by the Lion," and it seemed to go. I also give Kipling's "If," as well as the parody thereon, a short Service poem, and "The Birth of the Opal." Mr. C. was screamingly funny in his recitations. The secretary said that our program had improved fifty per cent. He is not of the flattering type, and had done something himself in the entertainment line, so I judge from what his sister said. She is helping him in the canteen, and is a very nice woman. After the program we had to wait for about an hour for our bus, and so I sat by a nice warm stove, with a most adorable kitten curled up asleep in my lap. One evening at another camp we were invited into a little back room, after our performance, for chocolate and macaroons, and a pretty little black kitten soon made its appearance. I picked it up and stroked it, and found out that French cats like just the same sort of things that American cats like. It displayed great content and purred and tried to kiss me.

Last evening we went to a camp where German prisoners are guarded. When we have been there before, it has been cold and most unattractive, with candles only for light. Since then the Y has taken charge of it. Now it has a secretary, a little canteen and three stoves, and is brilliantly lighted; with a good piano, as pianos over here go; and instead of gloom and dirt, there is an atmosphere of warmth and light and cheer. The audience was very nice, and included six or eight officers. After the program we had a perfect spread at the officers' quarters.

Last night Miss S. conspired with the secretary, the corporal, and the sergeant, as to making them a home-made cake some time soon, they to furnish the materials. It seems cake is her specialty. She is not much of a cook,

she says, except for a few fancy things. But eggs are almost impossible to get. I shall help eat the cake. \* \* \* Later. The cake turned out a perfect poem; but in making it Miss S. broke all the rules I was taught to observe.

This morning at breakfast I met an interesting young soldier. He spent three years in a missionary school in Beirut, and three years ago he went through Turkey, Austria and Germany, with German troops, a two months' trip. The Germans have been so short of rubber, he says, that they have used steel tires for their trucks, with a clever contrivance of springs. Last night at dinner I had a little talk with a young fellow. As he left, he said he was so glad to have had the talk, the first for six or seven months with an American woman. How often that is said to me!

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Dec. 29.—Last night we gave a program to a very wild and noisy bunch. I gave Service's fine poem, "The Call of the Wild." I was amazed at how silent they sat, and how they took it. If you understand them, you can "get by" with lots of things. And on another occasion, after I had given this same poem, I was talking with a boy from Colorado, where, eighty-five miles from a railroad, he had three hundred acres in a valley 9,000 feet high. He spoke of enjoying the Service poem so much. It is indeed true that this army is made up of all kinds of men. He said he hadn't spoken to an American girl for months. At another time, we gave our evening program to one of those delightful small audiences, who are so creative in their influence, when they gaze and listen with such rapt attention. The "Call of the Wild" was really the only serious thing on the program. The feeling that came to me as I was giving the poem was peculiar. I seemed to enter into its meaning as I have not done for many months. At the last, I felt most distinctly moved. I could hardly finish it. Afterwards, one of the Red Cross women, a lady who has

a strong feeling for wildness and nature, spoke of how well I did it, and that I could never do it as I did unless I knew the wild well. It seems that one boy there, of a common, ignorant type, rough and uncouth, came up to another of the canteen ladies, and singled out that number as being the finest on the program. It seems he couldn't stop talking of how fine a thing it was. To me, that was very noteworthy, particularly when the number in question is so fine a thing.

We have heard a good deal lately of the soldier wanting rag-time. This is a confirmation of my previous ideas on the subject. He is probably not the only one who has felt the appeal of that poem. The fact that I have not heard of it before is nothing. It is by chance only that I heard this time. A chance word from the outside often means much to the performer. Sometimes he needs encouragement the most, when it is least suspected.

After our program at the Red Cross the head asked me if I would play for them to dance. It seems they haven't a single pianist in their canteen, which is very unusual. I told her I would do my best. And so, with a cornet at my side and a violinist scraping merrily in the rear, I played for perhaps an hour and a half, while Terpsichore held her joyful sway. I seemed to do it all right; at least I heard no complaints. Really, with the other two instruments, I don't believe any one knew whether I was playing or not. Afterwards I heard that one young fellow, speaking of me, said, "Gee, that lady sure could tickle the ivories. I bet she could play jazz just great." In his mind, jazz is the supreme form of high art. We left at midnight, and I was tired. \* \* \* The other day I played before one of those small private audiences, which draw out one's very best; a few officers, a few privates and four or five ladies. The Miss W., who had enjoyed the "Call of the Wild," had a sister, who studied with MacDowell and other well-known men.

She has evidently been accustomed to money, culture and Society, spelled with a capital, but withal is thoroughly natural and delightful. She loves the French, too, and has great faith in them, as individuals and as a nation. She came to me afterwards, with tears in her eyes, and said the Prelude, the last thing I played that morning was the last thing her sister had played before she died. And she thought I did it magnificently. She meant the word, as a mature woman of cultivation would use it. It was not the meaningless superlative of a girl. I felt that a compliment worth having. I hope this letter does not sound too egotistical. You said you wanted to have me write such things home.

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Dec. 30.—Last evening we went to a near-by dock, and found that they were not expecting us. The mess hall (a great barn of a place, with tables and benches, a stairway running up one side, and a big open door which let in all the wandering breezes of heaven), was where we had to perform. The piano was fair, but the lighting was very poor, so candles were placed around. The audience was fine, attentive and appreciative. There were many disturbances from upstairs and outside, but when the audience is listening, that is all I care about. The boys were sitting on the stairway, on the tables and benches, and around behind us. After the program we had a little talk with a few of the boys. One sergeant told me that it was the first time in five months that he had spoken to an American girl. It seems that this is the first entertainment they had had there by all-American talent. They were a nice audience, and I enjoyed it. One nice thing about our work is that we usually get home by nine. All these boys have to go to bed early, so we begin our programs at 7:30.

### CHAPTER III

Nantes—Joy rides—Ford wreck—Three fine secretaries—Camp of engineers—Marines guarding picric acid—The performance, the decorations, and the Ford—St. Jean de Monts—Jelly, beds, wardrobes—Fine colonel thirty years of age—Cold ride in truck from La Trinité—Interesting men—Mass in Nantes cathedral—Bordeaux cathedral—Sea voyage, since censorship is relaxed—Life-boat drill a farce—Burning of new hydroplanes at Le Croisic—Lovely walks—Roads—Flowers—Speech—Ben Greet actor—"All kinds in this man's army"—Walk on the beach at La Trinité—Spring green beginning—Naval station—Stories of the ensign in command—Cuckoo Song—Miss S. and I—More fine walks.

**P**ANTES, FRANCE, January 4, 1919.—In my last, I told about the Ford that broke down with us at Vannes. We have had some weird rides, and I am glad I am still alive. I remember one we had in St. Nazaire with an extremely youthful French driver, in a G. M. C. truck. I don't exactly understand it; I have never yet been killed by a French driver, but they always make me nervous. A doughboy can do anything he wants to, no matter how wild it seems, and I don't get nervous, for I feel instinctively that he will get away with it. But the French give me the impression of losing their heads when a crisis comes. Instead of doing the right thing instinctively, as the doughboy does, they wave their arms and jabber. So I was in a frame of mind for disaster before our vehicle ever started. Our party started from headquarters, and then we went to a hotel to pick up some other entertainers, not of our unit. The boy forgot them until we were about a block away, and then he proceeded to back up. He backed at full speed right across a well-traveled street intersection, where he couldn't possibly see what was coming from the right. Providence guarded us, and so nothing hit us. After we had picked up that party, we went after another unit, consisting of a French woman with a violin, and a Frenchman with a full-sized harp. We were then ten in the 'bus, and the harp was balanced precariously on the edge at the rear. This particular 'bus was the hardest riding one in the garage, and was always taken

out on the longest rides, where the roads were the vilest. So we bumped along, at about twenty miles an hour, over chuck-holes and in ruts, until we came to a camp where the driver mistakenly thought we were going to get out. And in turning around he backed over the brick edging of a well-kept little lawn, and had to make four or five attempts before the machine would go back over the edging. Each time he failed, we would be brought up short with a sickening jolt, which would certainly have landed the harp in the road if the Frenchman's language hadn't been strong enough to keep it in. The two French people were swearing in a highly efficient manner in their mother tongue, and the American men were doing the same in their own tongue, and altogether the situation was such as to require a better vocabulary than mine to describe. However, we finally got away from there, and as we bumped along all at once the seat on the other side of the 'bus—a long wooden bench—broke down, and the girls, in their light entertaining dresses—to say nothing of the men and the harp—were precipitated on the floor. More oral pyrotechnics. Our last adventure was when we arrived at the camp which was our destination, and our 'bus began skidding and just hesitated several times on the brink of a ditch so deep that it would have meant a very serious accident if we had gone over.

However, to return to our muttons—in this case the stranded Ford in Vannes—that experience was quite different, and to me enjoyable. You see, our driver was an American! And while we waited for the other car to come and fetch us, we sat around a nice warm fire in the back room of a Y hut with three very interesting secretaries.

One is a church organist in New York, who knows intimately the composer Charles Cadman, and the negro composer Burleigh. He seems a fine man. Our driver is another. His name is Hunter, and at the front this fall

he was wounded three times in one day. He lay out in No Man's Land for ten hours, from early morning, and said he never expected to get out alive. About noon a Red Cross man came to look after him, but he sent him to the other boys. He said that when it was a question of his going over the top, the Colonel came to him and said, "Now you are unarmed, and we are not supposed to let you go over. You'd better stay behind." But Mr. H. insisted that he had been with the boys all along, and nothing short of a positive order would keep him back. So the Colonel patted him on the back, and told him to go ahead.

While he was lying in No Man's Land he wasn't afraid. He felt that if he lived, he would go back to his mother, and if not, he would go to his Father, and it made very little difference which. When he came out of the hospital, his nurse said he would not be able to do anything for a month. But he went right to driving a car, has been doing it now for about three months, and says it would be hard to find a healthier specimen than he is. He takes out parties every evening, and much of the time gets soaking wet, but you hear no complaints from him about the climate, or about catching cold. He loves the out-of-doors in all its phases, and is very fond of Brittany. He is thoroughly efficient and, no matter what happens, is always cheerful. \* \* \* On that evening when our Ford broke down, we had been due at a little party, on our return, where we were to give a short program. It was given for some Y people, and some M. P.'s. We were due at about nine, got there at the fashionable hour of eleven, and stayed until about one.

This afternoon we went to an engineers' camp where they are shut in and hungry for entertainment. As an addition to our program, a young lieutenant sang two songs and a quartette sang two. We had a wonderfully enthusiastic audience. We enjoyed it very much.

Jan. 18.—Tonight we had an interesting experience. We went to a small camp of marines, guarding a supply of picric acid. There are only fifty of them. There have been various efforts to send out entertainment parties, some of which have been lost, and one party got stuck in the mud, and it took twenty German prisoners to pull them out. So last night they sent in a young fellow who showed our driver the way. The trip was about six miles, through a beautiful country, with one of the most wonderful moons I have ever seen, and a balky Ford. The moon doesn't often shine here, but last night it was full, and one could almost have read by its light. After we got out of town we passed through lovely, quiet country lanes, and saw what looked like ruins, every now and then. It was really a scene of transcendent beauty.

Our Ford would run a few blocks, knocking and popping the while, and then would sigh, and die. Then our reliable American driver, the head of the transportation department, would get out, and he and our guide would take turns in cranking the beast, until finally it would make up its mind to go another few blocks. Of course, we were late in arriving, and as a finishing touch to its performance, the Ford ran into a mud hole, which took quite a time and a lot of man power to evacuate. You see, I am acquiring military terms.

We were warmly welcomed by an audience which had heard us coming for a long time. The night and the country was so still that I imagine we could have been heard for miles. A lieutenant afterwards told us that he had said, of the noise, "It is either a motorcycle, an airplane, or a Ford." The whole camp was thus notified that we were on our way, and we found them seated, and waiting expectantly. We were afterwards told that the room had been empty, up to the time that Lizzie had announced to high heaven that she was coming.

There was no piano there, so Mr. C. gave eight or nine

short readings, whistled one thing, unaccompanied; Miss S. sang five or six songs, and I gave two Service poems, several other numbers, and an O. Henry story. We ended with our ensemble number, and two or three familiar songs, in which the boys joined. Then, after a little chat, we started for home. Both the room and the audience were the smallest we have yet seen. The room was beautifully decorated with holly. Many people talk about the woman's touch making things so attractive. But I have found that many men do quite as well, if not better. Candles were stuck around plentifully, and made a beautiful, cheerful effect. The room was warm, too, rather a novelty for us, and altogether was as attractive a place as I have seen for some time. I enjoyed my numbers in that hall. It was small enough so that I did not have to center my chief attention on being heard at the back, and was thus able to bring out some fine points, otherwise lost. And the numbers were certainly appreciated. These men are marooned in a lonesome spot, and get very few entertainments. So what they do get are the more appreciated. And they are a particularly nice set of men, anyway.

Well, as to the return: Lizzie had had time to consider her wrongs during the show, and the more she thought of them the greater they grew. So she finally refused to budge at all. About a dozen marines succeeded in pushing her out of the mudhole, where she had sulkily buried her nose, and after she had been turned around, we got in, and these same marines pushed us about a quarter of a mile to a shed; and there the machinist of the lot got some tools, and a kerosene lantern, and held it right inside the engine, with gas fumes terribly thick. It was the first time I had ever seen it done, and it made me a bit nervous. But nothing happened, and I suppose they knew what they were about. While these operations on Lizzie were taking place, a very nice young lieutenant spent the time talking

to the two ladies, so we had a good time. He had helped push us, that far. It was discovered that the feed pipe had become clogged, and when it was blown out, and the engine raced, Lizzie forgot her wrongs sufficiently to proceed homeward. She still muttered and complained, but we arrived at our hotel at about 10:15.

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ST. JEAN DE MONTS, Jan. 10.—I have just had a wonderful breakfast, including a saucer of jelly. A Frenchman whom I met had much to say about the jelly; it seems it was made of saccharin and gelatine. But I don't care, it tasted good. And one thing the French understand is beds—their beds are all delightfully comfortable.

And at this little summer hotel, I have a place to hang my things. Our rooms usually have fine wardrobes with beautiful mirrors, but when you open them, you find rows of shelves, with no place to hang anything. \* \* \* Last night, before our program, I played in the officers' club, and Miss S. sang. The Y women here are most delightful and entertained us royally. The Colonel at the head of the camp is only thirty, and they say the boys all idolize him. The army car with a fine driver brought us back to Nantes. It was a lovely ride of about fifty miles. As I said before, I am having a fine time. But I wish I were home just the same. If I could come home to-morrow, with no sense of work undone, wouldn't I jump at the chance!

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NANTES, Jan. 14.—To go back to that long, cold ride in the truck from La Trinite, I don't think I went into details. I was not dressed very warmly. For some reason, the front seat was cold. A draft caught one fore and aft, and from both sides. It was a cold day, and before long it began to rain. It was a trip of at least an hour. The delightful secretary who had us in charge insisted on the two ladies sitting in front, as being the best place. After

a while, Miss S. moved into a back seat, where it was warmer, and I stayed alone with the driver. Before long, had I consulted my own inclinations, I would have gone back, too. But I stayed on account of the driver. The secretary had told us about him, an awfully nice boy, but without the glimmer of a sense of humor. When such a person gets cold and wet, he is liable to feel injured. I felt that so long as I sat there, he would not feel quite so deserted and alone. And besides, if I at all represented American womanhood to him, which I might well do, under the circumstances, I did not wish to appear to be a quitter. On arriving we performed in a cold hall, and not only was there no fire, but for the program we had to lay off our wraps. And coming home, I again sat with the driver, and got wet, and thoroughly chilled. Perhaps my attitude seems funny, but I believe it was well taken. On the way home, the driver began to complain a bit about how cold he was, sitting in a pool of water; he was on the windy side, and so was worse off than I. I could see he wasn't feeling happy. Then, after a bit, we started to talking, and he was at last very cheerful when we got home. That was six days ago, and so far as I am concerned, 'I'm all right yit."

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NANTES, Jan. 15.—Last night I went downstairs to write in what one might call the lobby of this hotel. Various interesting people congregate there. I had a chat with an American lieutenant of engineers, whose parents are both Roumanian. He had lived in Roumania until he was eight. His English is perfect, with no trace of accent. I also had quite a talk with another man, about fifty years of age, a Y secretary, here temporarily. He had been a Congregational missionary in China. This morning, Sunday, I went to the Cathedral, and spent about an hour, listening to the service and absorbing the atmosphere of the place. It is a very beautiful structure, and at the begin-

ning of the war a contract had beeен let to an Austrian firm for its repair and renovation. Of course, the work stopped immediately, and the scaffolding, weather worn and gray, is still there. The service was beautiful, the organ has a very pure tone; and in the large spaces the big choir had a subdued effect. The costumes of the different men and boys in the procession were most interesting, one high dignitary being clothed in magenta, closely followed by two in scarlet, and some were in white and gold. A number of adorable little boys wore scarlet, with white capes; some older boys were in purple, and the men were in black, with edgings of red. The choir wore black robes with their white accordion-pleated capes, and the lace worn by the dignitaries was beautiful indeed.

This Cathedral is of the fifteenth century. I had no such thrill there, however, as in the cathedral at Bordeaux. Of course, the cathedral was very beautiful, but I imagine the difference was more in my frame of mind. I never before had the tears start at the beauty of an interior, as happened to me in Bordeaux cathedral. That was at the beginning of France for me. Now I have settled to a more commonplace frame of mind.

There are some interesting facts about my trip over that I have not written, until the censorship should be relaxed. Our boat was the Espagne, fast, narrow, and about fourteen thousand tons. Out of New York harbor, we were escorted for about twelve hours by three hydro-planes. Each one at first was a speck on the horizon; it looked like an enormous dragon-fly. Then we heard a faint whir, growing louder and louder. They went around us in great circles, sometimes flying off for a mile or so, but always coming back. One, in paticular, made great swoops downward, passing close to where we were. They were large planes, holding several men, and the roar they made was one of the most thrilling things I have ever heard. To

see these gigantic birds, endowed with human intelligence; to realize the menace below the waves; to feel that they were protecting the great ship; to hear that wonderful crescendo as they came near and dipped toward us—all this I shall never forget. After they left us, we had no convoy until one day out of Bordeaux. Then a destroyer picked us up and trudged along in our wake. It was comforting to see, but there was no thrill about it. Perhaps it was because it had no spectacular quality and lacked romance.

They say that no French liner has been lost during this war. Certainly they were far less particular about convoys than other ships. One young woman with whom I talked, came over before we did, and had no sign of a convoy. Various reasons are assigned. They say that the French carry the Swiss mail, very valuable to the Germans; and that the Kaiser had some shares of stock in French ships.

\* \* \* Our berths were \$160 each. \* \* \* In the steerage, a party of perhaps two hundred Polish soldiers were going over to fight. Just as we were getting into the danger zone on this side I heard the comforting news that we had a lot of ammunition on board. One of the nine Y girl entertainers on board died about six days out. She was a nervous wreck from the Michigan fires, had a weak heart, was horribly seasick, and had had a touch of flu. The body was taken on to Bordeaux. We had with us some interesting people. A Dr. A., of Pittsburg, reported to be a multi-millionaire, who was an evangelist "because he liked it." He was breezy, energetic, fat, something of a bon vivant. He was very nice to me, and when I felt so ill, the first day, he would come around the deck and make some jokes, and I'd feel better at once. He was in the Y service. We also had on board a French Ace, wearing the gorgeous French uniform. He was in reality a New York boy, aged nineteen, of very common lineage. And

lastly, we had Sarah Bernhardt. She kept her cabin during the voyage, and rumor had it that she was on her way to a serious operation. She was carried on and off the boat in a chair. I saw her, at close range. With her was her granddaughter, Lysianne, about whom so much has been written. I do not call her a beauty, as others have done, but she has an exceedingly interesting face, mobile, intelligent, and temperamental. I imagine, judging from her rather imperious expression, that she would be a fiendish person to live with. She is tall, svelte, and wears an anklet.

\* \* \* Our life-boat drill was a perfect farce. We were told what to do, in a crisis, but given no opportunity to practice. When we had our bad storm on the Bay of Biscay, and I looked at the ocean, I realized the utter impossibility of any mere landsman going down the rope ladder, and getting into any bobbing cockleshell in that wild waste.

And now for another piece of news: When we went up to the little village of Le Croisic, shortly after reaching St. Nazaire, we found that a lot of brand new hydroplanes, built by America and never used, were being burned. The French had refused to buy them for more than the price of raw lumber, and rather than be "skinned" in that manner, the Americans burned them. It would have cost more to send them home than they were worth, we were told.

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NANTES, Jan. 17.—Many things have happened since I last had time to write. I shall return to the two lovely walks I had long enough to say that I saw some real Scotch broom, open pods and all, as well as some dead brakes, and a quantity of blackberry vines, all of which made me think of home. Both mornings a sense of overwhelming happiness came over me, which is very rare.

The roads here are metalled with a beautiful, translucent stone, that looks like marble. It is rusted by the elements into wonderful shades of buff and brown. It

seems that this white stone is really poor for road-making, being too soft to be durable; and the reason the roads are so good in Brittany is that German prisoners are kept at work on them all the time. \* \* \* There is a plant much like Scotch broom, in blossom now. It is spiky, blooms in great profusion, and they say that in April it clothes everything in yellow. It blooms somewhat all the year around. It is called gorse, or furze. As good holly as ours grows wild here, but is straggly from lack of pruning.

After a recent performance of ours, some boys who were having a little party asked us to remain. We stayed perhaps an hour, and were called on for speeches. I had the sense to say little, but I think what I said was good enough. It came to me as a sort of inspiration after I got on my feet. The idea of making an *cx tempore* speech nearly turned my knees to water. The boys themselves did a few stunts, all to the accompaniment of chocolate and wafers. It transpired that one of them had been with Ben Greet, and has lately been the manager of some well-known actor. Truly, there are all kinds in this army. The next day I spent in bed, eating nothing, until just before I left for our evening's performance, when I had a few cookies. For that day, at least, I was very much under the weather.

We were then at La Trinite, a little fishing village on the coast, which has some beautiful summer cottages. On Sunday I got up fairly early and, the weather proving favorable, I wandered about for about three hours and a half. I picked up some wonderful snail shells on the beach; I skipped along the sand dunes, and watched the imitation surf. I talked to a fisherman who was digging in the wet sand. He was after fish bait, and had a shovel that would have been just the thing for clams. And for some time I watched a figure in khaki that was trying to get over to me. For some time I hadn't noticed him, his coloring was so like the sand and the rocks. It was a lonely spot,

a mile from anywhere in every direction. Between him and me was a little stream that emptied into the ocean. He finally went away up stream, and so got over. He was a most adorable boy from Pennsylvania, who has for nine months been at the front, five of them in a hospital. He was now at a hospital two or three miles away. He and I had a most delightful talk and walk. The walks I have at these places are a great joy to me.

To-day I saw spring green making its appearance. At our hotel a typically continental thing happened. We three of the Victory Company sat down to the table with three Frenchmen, one a man of perhaps fifty, and two young soldiers, his sons, both of whom had the croix de guerre, and other decorations of distinction. We talked English among ourselves, and at last one of the Frenchmen spoke to us in English. They all three talked it well. The father was a ship owner in St. Nazaire, and they were away from home for a few days. In that out of the way place, we ran upon the English language.

We have been where the ordinary tourist never goes. On Sunday evening, after our program was over, we were taken through the kitchen and bakery of the navy mess. We had given to us a loaf of white bread, which was about the best I have ever eaten. Then we went over to the Y rooms, and the two ladies, the two ensigns, and the two Y men sat and talked till eleven thirty.

The ranking officer at this naval station is a most interesting man. He has been ten years in service, and has seen all sorts of adventures. In the Philippines, in the Moro insurrection, he was left on the beach to guard the boat in which twelve men had pulled off from the ship; and of those twelve, all were badly injured, later on, and most of them killed by the natives. One morning in Hawaii, he overslept, and so lost the car which should have taken him on time to his submarine; and when he got there, it had

gone off on its trial trip, and never came back again. He told in a most graphic way the sensations of a deep sea diver. He himself has gone down 240 feet, the record being, I believe, less than 300. At sixty feet one gets nose bleed, and sort of strangles, and the ears ache. At 100 feet, the joints ache. At 200 the air pressure drives the air into the pores of the skin. When the hydrogen gets into the blood, it is held there in solution, making the whole anatomy feel more normal. On coming up after a long dive a man must be put into a tank under pressure, and come back to normal very slowly. Lately he has been in the air service, connected with the navy, and showed us many pictures of the elephant balloons. He spoke of one curious thing. He has always been a little uncertain on heights. On the top of a mast, for example, he would be apt to get the impulse to throw himself down. But in a balloon or airship one has no such feeling. One feels that the earth is simply receding, while the stationary thing is the machine, or the basket in which one is. He says that what makes this difference is the being disconnected with the earth.

He is a truly interesting man. He told of all his experiences in the matter of fact way in which people usually speak who have really done big things. While we listened to his talk, we were sitting by a delightful fire, and the charming gentleman who was our host in these Y rooms was feeding us American chocolates, and we were getting warm after our experiences of the afternoon. The next day we went back by a Ford ambulance to Nantes.

Miss S. sings Liza Lehmann's "Cuckoo," and it has a very funny effect on the boys. After the third or fourth cuckoo, the boys begin to laugh, and she is indeed lucky if she can get through the song without having them, all over the audience, joining in the cuckoo. Whenever she comes out on the stage again, even when I appear, they

join in the delightful new chorus. Sometimes, days afterwards, if we meet a bunch of boys, and they recognize us, we again hear the cuckoo. This morning we were waiting for the train with some soldiers who had heard us the night before. And as soon as Miss S. hove in sight, they began it, all up and down the platform, and kept it up at intervals for fifteen minutes or more. All this shows what boys they are.

I am having a much better time than Miss S. is. She is far less adaptable, and demands more. She is, of course, a Southern girl, and is accustomed to more attention. She resents it when she is treated by secretaries with strict justice, as if she were a man. Because she is a woman, she feels entitled to more consideration. If she finds that some one else is getting something she is not, she gets it herself, or becomes disagreeable. As for me, I may not get quite all that some people do, but I get quite sufficient; and I remember that those who insist on things for themselves frequently make some one else suffer. In our case, the already overworked secretaries would be the ones to suffer. I have known them to work themselves into the hospital. It is always the conscientious ones who have to carry the burdens of the shirkers.

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NANTES, Jan. 18.—This morning we stayed in bed late, and after a rehearsal I set out for a walk. I walked along the road we took last night, for about three miles, and it was one of the most wonderful walks I ever had. The road was fine, the weather lovely, the scenery about like the fens of England, and the peasants most interesting in their queer costumes. I saw a lot of cows, mostly poor looking milkers, of Holstein coloring and Ayrshire horns. I saw seven or eight small "caterpillars" trundling along amid much clatter, driven by Americans, to the scandalization of every Breton horse they met. I saw some magpies.

This morning Miss S. and I also wandered into a wonderful old church, and heard part of the service. There was a beautiful toned organ, and I certainly enjoyed it.

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ST. NAZAIRE, Feb. 2.—On my walks lately I have seen fruit blossoms. They looked like some kind of plum. Every morning it is frozen in spots, but I am not suffering from the cold. They have a Y library here, on the shelves of which I often look with longing, but my days are too full. I get scarcely any time for reading. This evening a bomb was sprung on us. We are to leave St. Nazaire, presumably for good, in three days. We are going to Brest. Everyone to whom we have talked on the subject says that St. Nazaire is the worst place on earth, with one exception, and that exception is Brest. However, I don't care how much it rains, if it only isn't cold. And I don't imagine it gets very cold anywhere on this Atlantic coast; and, anyway, it will be February when we go there, so winter won't last much longer. They say there are twice as many troops there as here.



## CHAPTER IV

Calvaire near Pont Chateau—Boys like youngsters at a picnic—Morning work at canteen—Horses—Trip to Brest—Pontenezan—Dr. B. and his good influence—Meeting fine people—Programs in an old theater and in a leaky tent—St. Brieux—Story of "Humphrey Ward situation"—More walks than art museums—Horse fair scene—R. C. canteen and the hundred reformed soldiers—Orgies of work performed by R. C. women—Pathetic cases of drunken soldier boys—Advice to boys on buying gifts—Brest streets and grim chateau—Program in hospital with the dog—Long walk—Rain—Art gallery—Drunken darky and M. P.

AT LAST we have received an invitation for a trip we have long wanted to take. The Y secretary seems to me a very fine man; a college man, a minister from Texas; he entered the army at the beginning of the war, as a lieutenant. When hostilities ceased, he got transferred to the Y. He says that in his Y hut out there, there is not a single "Don't." He does everything for the boys that he possibly can, keeps his canteen open all day long, so long as any boy wants anything (most canteens have regular hours) and tries to serve them in every way he can. He says he is there for service, and I think he is. When he went out there, no one had any use for the Y. In fact, they felt bitter towards it. And he says that you never saw a more lonesome, forlorn set of men. Now they all swear by the Y, and are developing a good, homey spirit. Well, all this is a prelude to the statement that he had prepared for the men an outing for today—Sunday.

(I have just heard an American locomotive whistle, and let me tell you that after the shrill toots of the French engines, the rich, minor triad of an American locomotive does the ears good.)

We went out to Calvaire, near Pont Chateau. This is a pilgrimage spot for devout Roman Catholics from all parts of France.

On our way out, our driver was friendly, but not loquacious. We followed the other truck quite closely,

a Liberty five-ton, and the boys piled in on benches; some of them facing us looked so happy and dear that I wanted to hug the lot of them. They were just like youngsters, out for a picnic. One of them was the nice lad who afterwards acted as guide and chewed gum all the way with the industry of a sheep.

Forty acres, possibly, are laid out in a beautiful park, where various artificial grottoes contained wax figures, or reliefs of the Christ story. At one end was a facade (with no building back of it), reached by a long flight of steps. One must here go up on one's knees or remove one's shoes, after which, combined with certain prayers, one receives certain absolutions. In this really beautiful facade were various reliefs. And scattered all over the grounds were scenes from the Crucifixion. It took forty years to complete this work. It is modern, but I don't know the exact date. The grottoes are made of that same beautiful stone I saw around Vannes, which looked so like marble, when broken, and rusted in the elements so beautifully into buffs and browns.

There are scenes where Christ falls with the cross, where he comforts the mothers of Israel, and so on, all leading along the rocky trail, the way to the cross. On the top of a hill, the only one for miles around, the three crosses stand. They are plainly to be seen at a long distance. The view of the lovely, peaceful country, with its rounded trees, its windmills and church spires, the sunlight gleaming on the water and the gray-blue distance, was very lovely. The figures are about life size, and I don't know what they are made of. I incline to the belief that they are of clay, baked and painted white. No one seemed to know. I presume all this might not meet with the approval of a hyper-sensitive art critic. I am reminded of the Sieges-Allee, of the Berlin Thier-Garten. Here the setting of the figures is much more

natural and graceful than there; and the subject is one of devotion, rather than the aggrandizement of the Hohenzollerns. Lacking the solid green background of trees, these figures are much less startling and abrupt; but in various ways it rather reminds me of the Sieges-Allee. Some of the faces struck me as being rather good; that of the Christ, never. But this thing I particularly noticed: the quiet and reverential manner of everyone.

The nice boy who liked my Russian music, acted as guide for me and a few soldiers. He had been there before. And in his boyish, inarticulate way he commented on its impressiveness, and the way the story was brought home to one, after years of unrealizing Bible study. He also spoke of the way he had come to a realization of what church stood for in a man's life. He was a minister's son, and had had to attend church twice a Sunday. He had often rebelled, and, as he expressed it, "played hookey." He said that the thing he didn't like about some Protestant churches was the rowdyism. Those were his words. We had just come out of a beautiful little chapel, and I had commented on the fact that, although I was not a Catholic and did not approve of all their teachings, yet my aesthetic sense was moved by the dignity and beauty of their service.

However this Calvaire may affect art critics, I believe it does common folk (of the grade of cultivation of myself and these soldiers) a great deal of good. It is undeniably impressive, and might well make many a thoughtless person ponder. I believe there was not one of the boys who was not made a little better for the afternoon's experience. Now this was what the secretary had arranged for them. It served the double purpose of taking them for an outing, to see one of the sights of the neighborhood and, without making it too apparent, bringing a little religion home to them.

ST. NAZaire, Feb. 6.—I got up this morning at half-past six, to help with the canteen work. I have just come from the dock, where for two hours we helped to serve chocolate to the soldiers embarking for home. It is peculiar, the effect that line of boys has on me. It is very touching to see them coming, whether their faces are young and boyish, or whether they are older, seamed faces; they take on an entirely different quality in the line from what they have when one meets them singly, on the street. It is something childlike and appealing. Every now and then some clumsy fellow, impeded by his many burdens, gets sort of tangled up with his pesky pile of packages, and has to be straightened out. And he is so submissive and grateful that it goes to one's heart. My work undoubtedly lies in the other direction. And, of course, I do get an occasional chance at this. But I wish I were strong enough for canteen work. However, each to his own task. The entertaining is usually considered the more desirable.\*

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BREST, Feb. 10.—After a recent performance, we talked to the officers till our 'bus came along. One of them was telling of the horses there. He said that there were animals there ranging in value from \$1,000 to \$50,000; that some horses there had pedigrees it would take two days to run off. I asked him why they used such fine horses in the army. As he expressed it, the thoroughbred has a "heart," and in a crisis always knows what to do, is reliable, and so on. Whereas, you can not depend on the scrub stock. The horse-lover knows that at the front the life of a horse is something like a week. And, also,

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\*(It will be remembered that last winter Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt and Mrs. Vincent Astor came home from most efficient canteen work in France. And well known names in the entertaining work of the Y are Mary Garden, Mary Anderson, E. H. Sothern and Walter Damrosch; also the daughter of the President, Miss Margaret Wilson.)

the finest Percherons that the French government had are now at work on the dock at St. Nazaire. Horses here have to be treated for mud fever; and glanders, too, is here, and is apt to prove serious.

On the trip to Brest we had, as usual, first-class tickets. But after we changed cars, we were in a second-class car, with French people only, the most of the way. This was unusual and did not appeal to me. Mr. C. had a place somewhere else, and we two women were in a compartment for ten, which was frequently full, at one time having twelve occupants. However, they were courteous, and during the evening, when they left our car only partially lighted, we went through a beautiful country with very strong moonlight falling on it. It was very beautiful, and much more so because our car was not lighted. For the forty minutes before our change we had an interesting conversation with a young American major and a Belgian lieutenant. The American was very young, but very self-possessed, with a slow, quiet manner, and an exceptionally nice, friendly face. He had spent a year or two in Russia, quite recently, and he said he had been converted by that to national prohibition. He had never believed in it before, but when he saw what it had done for the Russian people, he was heartily in favor of it. I do not know what branch of the service he was in. His coat covered all insignia, except the sign of his rank, which was pinned on each shoulder, and on his little overseas cap. The Belgian, who talked excellent English, was intimating that the Americans made officers too fast. In his army it took seventeen years to become a captain! This was, to say the least, in bad taste, with the extremely youthful major opposite him. The American was a gentleman, and the argument did not become acrimonious. But neither showed himself in the least convinced by the other.

We stayed in the train till 10:30 p. m., a ride of twelve hours for a comparatively short distance. At Vannes, where we spent so delightful a week a little over a month ago, two soldier boys brought us each a cup of coffee from a free Y canteen at the station. It was extremely good coffee and was very thoughtful of them. It was an idea right out of their own heads. \* \* \* We are to appear seven times each week, and shall probably be here four weeks. Last evening we went out to Pontenezan, where there are barracks for something like 100,000. It is immense, of course, and very muddy. It has seven or eight Y huts.

Yesterday and today I have had long and very interesting conversations with a Dr. B—, a Congregational minister from a little town twenty-five miles out of Chicago. He is a fine man. He was telling yesterday of the way he had hunted for and found a wounded son. He knew him to be badly wounded and had not heard from him for a long time. The search was most interesting—I mean the story of his search. The boy himself has a remarkable record. This morning, Dr. B— was telling me of the campaign which started among the colored troops and has been spreading among the whites along lines of morality—what they have to fight, and how they are doing it. I have certainly been meeting some very fine people, and having some wonderful opportunities to hear things. I wish my memory could retain it all. Dr. B— has a warm human quality in his sermons, and seems of a deeply spiritual nature. I imagine he would have a wonderful influence for good on everyone he met.

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BREST, Feb. 11.—When we were stationed at St. Nazaire we went several times to a remount station, and gave our performance in an old theater. It seems that at one time the casino was rather well known, and now

there is a delightful courtyard, a place where "Bains de Vapeur" are still advertised. The acoustics of the place were wonderful, but it was cold! Of course, there was no heat in the theater, and a draft always came from somewhere.

Was I telling about the performance in the tent, the other evening, when I was the only woman on the program? It was cold, and the piano not at all a bad one) was down in the orchestra pit. I had to climb up a high step, each time I went up for my reading. Moreover, the tent leaked, and when I came to put on my coat it was too wet to wear. It had been right under the leak. But I had my cape along, and so was all right.  
\* \* \* At the big barracks, at Pontenezan, where 75,000 men can be accommodated, there are many huts, and we go there time after time. One young fellow heard our program at one hut, and came the next day to a neighboring hut, to hear it again; he liked it so much. He was telling Miss S. afterwards. Of course, one is bound to get commendation or condemnation, depending on the individual.

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ST. BRIEUX, Feb. 12.—This is a very picturesque town of 30,000, not so very far from Brest. It has some interesting churches, a museum and other points of interest. A deep valley runs along the edge of the town, and every square foot of ground along the sides of the valley is utilized by terraced gardens. At the bottom is a very talkative stream, and the ravine is spanned by several unusual and beautiful bridges. From one point one sees the valley; in the middle distance, a lofty and airy bridge; and beyond, a hill, topped by a half ruined tower. The destruction dates from Henry of Navarre's time. The Red Cross lady who directed our tour of inspection, wittily referred to him as "Ornery Cat," "Henri Quatre."

It was a satire on the kind of French so many Americans speak over here.

I had a chance to take a lovely walk over this big and picturesque bridge, towards the ruined castle. It seems that the noble who owns the tower, and the hill on which it stands, and who is presumably the aristocrat of the region, has built a mansion just below the tower. Strange to say, he has placed it on the land side of the hill, away from the sea view. He has deserted his English wife for another woman. The wife, a lovely and refined woman, idolized her father-in-law, who took her part in the quarrel. A week ago he passed away, after a year's illness, and now she is left entirely alone. She has been very kind to the Americans at St. B—, and has become much interested in a certain officer. Our informant pronounced it quite a Humphrey-Ward situation. This Englishwoman has wealth and position, but seems to have nothing to live for, and is very unhappy.

At all these places, I wager, I get a better idea of the surrounding country than most tourists. As to museums and the life, I left Nantes, as I left Vannes, without seeing all that I wanted to see. I had a nap, on two or three afternoons, and I had a fine chance to practice there, which I do not always have, and which I was glad to improve. If I had consciously chosen, however, I should have done as I did. I had the walks at Vannes, and the hour in the cathedral at Nantes.

I have been both amused and disgusted by a sort of horse-fair scene I have been watching from my windows. Seven animals were led out, some mature horses, some colts, perhaps two years old, most of them with good draft blood. One iron-gray colt was particularly good. The plan, as I afterwards found out, was to tie them together in bunches of three, one to another's tail. The iron-gray was honored by being by himself. Naturally,

the horses protested at having their tails used as leading ropes. The French method of bringing a refractory horse to time is to stand in front of him with a stick and beat him violently in the face. It is evidently assumed that any horse will then know what is expected of him, and will at once execute his master's desires. He will at once pull the too heavy load, or will become resigned to having his caudal appendage meddled with. By dint of tourniquets around the upper lip, various refractory animals were finally subdued, and the string at last got started. I thought the facial expressions of some of the animals most ludicrous. They looked demure, or mischievous, or taunting. Horses must have a sense of humor, or they couldn't laugh, as they so evidently do, at the beings who torture them so.

Yesterday we paid a visit to a revolutionary prison. The building is six hundred years old. We saw the place where the prisoners had been killed, etc., etc. The roof had long since fallen in, and ferns were growing on the rocks of the balcony. We climbed still higher, and saw a group of German prisoners. The French peasant woman who was showing us these sights was much impressed with these Germans' "taking off all their clothes, even in cold weather, and washing themselves all over." The stone walls of this prison are very high, and, ordinarily speaking, would be impossible to scale.

The Red Cross canteen at St. Brieux will be one of my most delightful and sunny memories. They entertained us for three meals, and absolutely would not accept any remuneration. They said that it is a joy, occasionally to meet an American woman. Even they feel it, you see. They are as fine a set of women as I have ever met—wholesome, cheery, sweet-tempered, poised. Their most spectacular performance is the regular supplying of troop trains, going through to Brest, with coffee and sandwiches.

Once they served fifteen hundred in thirteen minutes. Sometimes the strain has been so great that several have fainted. They talked as if the whole thing were simply one glorious good time. But we knew better. Afterwards, we heard some details from a Y man.

But this supplying of troop trains is, to my mind, the least part of their work, judging from the standpoint of actual good done. There are about one hundred soldiers in this town, sent here as a punishment for hard drinking—at least, that is true of most of them. Before this canteen came, they were gloomy, absolutely without amusement, and felt marooned and desolate. Now, a most delightful spot of sunshine has been provided for them, and they are not drinking at all. A good many of them loaf around the canteen most of the day, ostensibly to help. And they really are a tremendous help in the regular canteen duties. But now a feminine home influence is being provided, which is keeping them straight. When we walked in, the day we arrived, at three in the afternoon, having eaten nothing since breakfast, these women treated us like long lost friends.

I am reminded of a most attractive Y. W. C. A. waiting room, near St. Nazaire, with a beautiful big fireplace and a piano. There we talked to a most interesting woman, head of certain Red Cross departments. She has lived in France for twenty-one years, and loves the country and people. On August 2, 1914, she entered the French Red Cross. Since then she has been continually engaged in one kind or another of absorbing activity. At one time she had seventeen thousand refugees under her care, and she bought hospitals, factories, etc. She told of the perfect orgies of work she had undergone during "flu" conditions, some six months ago, where she worked like a slave for five days, with her own temperature at 104. Out of three hundred and six cases she lost but one. As

I understand it, all these people had for doctor and nurse, only herself and another woman. She told of the poor little children, whose fathers and mothers had been killed before their eyes, and they themselves driven out into the fields to starve; of how their little minds had become affected, and the abject terror with which they would watch everyone. She talked of the children who, born shortly before, or during this war, had known no happiness, nothing but sorrow, and of the car-loads of toys she was able to dispense to them. She is a fine type of woman, with a clear, keen, intelligent eye, and a forceful and decisive manner which at once impresses you with her efficiency. We talked with her for about an hour, while waiting for our 'bus.

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BREST, Feb. 18.—Yesterday I saw three more pathetic cases of drunkenness. Two were sailors, just boys, one of whom had a foolish grin on his face, and the other inclined to be quarrelsome. The third was a soldier, who is said to have been a very wonderful pianist, and he has gone completely to pieces. They all came into Y headquarters. I suppose it is really remarkable one does not see more of it, under the circumstances.

As to health: when I contrast the way I am living, and the way I live at home! Much of my day is necessarily spent in bad air. I am continually with people who have colds, etc. However, I don't come into contact with flu. In St. Nazaire, in our hospital work, we did some little entertaining in flu wards, but aside from that, so far as I know, I have not met it in more than two individuals. I am certainly having an entertaining time, and if little vexations come up, that is merely something to overcome. I have been far freer from them than many people. \* \* \* Today, while I was in the Y rest rooms (it is warm there), reading a very entertaining

book on the selection and care of horses, a most attractive and exceedingly young first lieutenant came up and asked me—me, mind you—about some lace he wanted to buy as presents to take home. He had heard that some woman had them to sell, and wondered what I knew about it. I told him the truth, which was that I knew nothing about the woman, and nothing about the laces, but wished him success. So after a short time he returned with four pieces, three of very elaborate Irish crochet and one of Brittany lace. He had paid \$25, and wanted to know whether they were worth it. I admired them, and told him I thought they were. They really were beautiful pieces, and he wondered which he had better give to his girl. It seemed that there was nothing settled between them yet, and another man was taking her shawls and things. He was such a boy, and such a dear, I hope he'll get the girl, if she is worthy. He expects to go home right away.

I had an interesting walk this morning. There is an old chateau here, looking very big, grim and forbidding. They say the walls are fourteen feet thick. A very fine stone wall is built out from the chateau, and along this runs a boulevard, wide and handsome. Brest is hilly and very picturesque. It is paved with Belgian blocks, so one doesn't get so muddy as in St. Nazaire. And while there are an awful lot of Americans here, it does not seem to be so possessed by them as every other place we have visited, except Paris. There are still quite a few Frenchmen visible. Many ships are lying in the beautiful harbor.

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Feb. 19.—Last evening we were taken in a Dodge for a nice, long ride to a hospital, where we gave a program. There was so much noise that it was hard work, and there was a dog. It was a very attractive fox terrier that escaped from one of the boys on the front seat, and

trotted up on the platform. Both times I was the "goat." The first time I was giving a reading, and he came confidently and nuzzled up to me. I could feel his little nose tickling my ankles. Of course, it roused some merriment. If I had been giving something comic, I might have stopped and petted the dog. But as it was, I kept right on, and he eventually left. Again, when I was giving a piano number, I noticed considerable commotion, and when I turned around, here was the dog again.

After the program, we were requested to give a short program in an officers' hut, close by. We each did something. In the meantime, you can imagine my surprise when a young fellow came up behind the scenes. His name was Tuttle, and he had lived in Portland, Oregon, for sixteen years. He now lives in California. \* \* \* This morning I went for another long walk. The weather is something wonderful, sunny, still, and rather warm. I was gone about three hours. Coming back, as I was getting into town, I lost my way, and was very glad I did. I got into a perfect maze of old-world streets, narrow and winding, went down some stairs and through an archway perhaps twenty feet thick, that was as picturesque as anything I ever saw. Brest is quite a large place, and very hilly. Streets are sometimes exceedingly steep, and sometimes are merely long flights of stairs. One can never get seriously lost, because there is always an S. P. or M. P. to show the way. I wish we could continue to have weather like this, and I shouldn't ask any more of fate. But I presume it will soon begin to rain. \* \* \* I have been meeting the greatest number of Southern people here. It seems as if every person I meet is either from the South or from New York.

The other day I went to the Brest art gallery. I have heard it called a good one, but I came away vastly unimpressed. I saw nothing that was not modern, and

the names were such as I had never heard of before. Some lovely pictures, of course, but only one or two that seemed to my novice's eye to have any claim to greatness.

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BREST, March 7.—Yesterday was a perfectly wonderful day, and I had two walks. In the morning nothing particular happened. But in the afternoon I was standing by a high wall, looking on the traffic below me. The harbor looked very beautiful; the houses were picked out by the sunlight; on the water were streaks of green and lavender, and little fishing boats with dark red sails, leaning gracefully away from the light breeze. Down below was an M. P. directing traffic. That was supposed to be his entire job, but a Negro claimed his attention, and for ten minutes I had an interesting pantomime to watch. The darky was drunk. Apparently the M. P. had told him to sit down on a pile of scrap iron and wait. But the darky tried to amble off in a casual manner; and the harried M. P. would have to make frequent dashes for him, between his directions to trucks, touring-cars and motorcycles. It was highly amusing to watch the darky, who seemed to want to argue the situation, and the M. P., who with each succeeding minute became more wrathful. He had, evidently, sent word to police headquarters by one of the machines, and after the aforesaid ten minutes a patrol came and removed the darky.

## CHAPTER V

Social life of Y entertainer—Teas at St. Nazaire and elsewhere—Leave at Trez-Hir—Vacation joys—Some of my nights in France—Dancing—Walk to French fortress—Various characters encountered—Picturesque entertainments of the winter—The silver slippers and the velvet cloak—Hotels in France—Places where we have performed—Polish soldiers—Scenery of France—Opportunities for meeting people—Chaplain in Ordinary to the King of England—Young Southern gentleman—His knowledge of French society—The German submarine—Day among the rocks and caves—Piano with faulty pedal—Comparison of audiences in huts of the Y and the K. of C.—Playing to music lover whose wife had studied in Dresden—Prohibition—Reflections on the future of the A. E. F.

**B**REST, March 8.—A "Y" entertainer over here has a great deal of social life. It is partly what she is sent over for. I have indeed been having a gay and giddy time lately: music with one bunch of boys, walks with another lot, entertaining twice a day, and dancing to close with. It is evidently the object of the Y to provide the men, in their inaction and ennui and their universal and deadly homesickness, not only with entertaining programs, but also with the society of good women. I have been dancing and joining in teas and long walks, as well as in parlor quoits and billiards, and I have had an occasional hand at bridge, explaining "the down and out echo," "the rule of eleven," etc., to youths who have good card heads. I also lend a sympathetic ear to the outpouring of their troubles; and have been asked to pass judgment on the selection of gifts for the sweethearts at home.

There is a Red Cross rest room near here; a most delightful place, large, well decorated, with a most homey atmosphere. There is a tea given there every Thursday by the head of this Red Cross division. This tea is for soldiers and sailors, as well as for our women; and there is a grand piano there that it is a joy to play on.

And, speaking of teas: at St. Nazaire during the winter, Miss S. and I had two cozy rooms over a lace shop, where on Sunday afternoons we used to have tea

for such friends in the uniform, both men and women, as our little salon would hold. We had a tiny fire-place, ornamental, if not useful; two balconies, one window, two French doors, and a view of the ocean; we also had music late every afternoon, by the American band on the square below. We gave tea, and a warm welcome, and for the rest, whatever came handy. The less said about the style of these teas the better. Once we had tea, and pie! This was one of our ways of trying to cheer homesick boys.

Various fine French hotels have been taken over, with all their luxury and beauty, as Y. M. C. A. rest places for tired men. One such is at Trez-Hir, on the western coast. The flowers there and the artistic decorations are very lovely. I have been there several times.

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TREZ-HIR, March 15.—This is the spot in all France that is nearest home. It also commands a view of all the ships, going both ways. On March 13th I had the stirring sight of the big convoy, escorting President Wilson back to France. I am having my leave here, of more than a week. Today I have been having vacation joys. The meals out here are wonderful; and, furthermore, I have a wonderful room, alone, with two big beds, and four windows; and I also have a wonderful view of the ocean. Yesterday it was marvelous: shades of green, blue and royal purple; little brown velvet sailing boats, purple hills, white clouds in a blue sky. Last night I opened three of my windows, and after studying the moonlight on the water, making the sand look like snow, I went to bed, and for eight hours slept the sleep of the just.

For three nights my sleep had been sketchy: two nights sitting up in a train, and one night on a mattress, with no pillow except a blanket, no sheets, and all my clothes on. This, because I was unlucky enough to be obliged,

in peace conference time, to spend a single night in Paris. So great was the congestion in the hotels that this matress, in the Y. W. C. A. hostess house, in a dormitory for ten, was all there was to be had. And at that, I fared better than my first night in Paris, just before the signing of the armistice. Then I was one of thirty girls to sleep in our steamer rugs, on the floor of a hotel parlor. It was a lark, and I slept amazingly, considering.

Since extremes meet, in Paris as in the rest of the world, the next day my room mate and I were given a room where we stayed for several weeks. It had indeed its drawbacks, having hot running water, to be sure, but no other form of heat, while there was ice in the fountains outside. But it did have large spaces and three windows and two enormous beds, and much gorgeousness in the way of furniture. There were many mirrors, and hangings and bed draperies of satin. And when we were too cold we could always look at ourselves in the mirrors.

This afternoon the weather has been as wonderful as my meals, my room and my view. I played four pieces to a very whist and appreciative audience, and now I am dressed, awaiting the Saturday evening concert and dance, which is a feature of Trez-Hir. They always prepare for seventy-five.

There is a French girl of eighteen who acts as hostess here; and she makes an amazingly good one. She is perfectly impartial, treats all the soldiers and sailors alike, and is very charming and very clever. \* \* \* Two Y men and I had a walk of nearly ten miles yesterday. We started to follow the coast line to a certain promontory, but before reaching it we became entangled in some very modern fortifications. Mr. F., who has been in all sorts of wars: Cuban, Boer, and others, knew enough not to monkey around where he wasn't wanted. Not until the other man saw a guard was Mr. F. willing to go in.

We went along for about a quarter of a mile, the guard meanwhile having disappeared. Then Mr. F. and I were both too much worried to stay longer. But the other man remained, and at last came out without adventure. Mr. F. said several times that I had been where he could swear no other Y girl had ever gone. Of course, I saw many things and didn't know what I was seeing. But there were eight 8-inch guns, apparently in fine condition, which could have been completely ruined in two minutes; and many shells by each gun, unlocked ammunition dumps, and not a sign of a guard. It was most peculiar. After all, peace is not yet signed. We entered the other fort by a key, left hanging where any dunce could get it. If that is the way French fortifications were guarded before the war, no wonder Germany walked through as she did.

I like this Mr. F. He makes maps for our government, and inspects the construction of big steel buildings. He has traveled all over the globe, and expects soon to be sent to Siam. He is an intensely interesting talker, and seems to have enjoyed his life exceedingly.

I have not seen President Wilson. You know how I am about celebrities. I did not take the trouble to see King George, when he and I were in Paris. I only saw King Albert by chance.

This morning when the man had finished my shampoo, he said "Good-night." An amusing variation of the eternal "Good-bye" one hears from all the children.

Speaking of King George, a naval officer on the train was telling an amusing tale. I have forgotten all the attendant circumstances; perhaps the King was inspecting an American ship. But, anyway, a big American sailor walked up and said, in a friendly, not an impudent fashion, "I always wanted to shake hands with a King—put 'er there," and the King, being an Englishman and a good sport, "put 'er there."

This case has come to my notice. A young non-com had lost his stripes through drink. At home, he said, he had always been a social drinker, and had never thought much about religion. But having seen what he had seen at the front, he was going home to work for prohibition the rest of his life. He also said that every man that had been to the front, whether he would admit it or not, had learned to pray. It was true of them all.

And another case: this boy was one of those born comedians, whose chief aim in life seems to be to act like a congenital idiot. He was so loud about it that frowning disapproval was written on the faces of all the men around. It usually takes a lot to disturb them. He acted tough, and at first I didn't like him. But, after a time, we fell to talking about front-line experiences. It is a good thing I am not sensitive, or some of the tales these boys tell would haunt me forever. They are out before one could stop them, if one wished. But I don't wish to do so. Because, when they have lived through them, I should be very lily-livered if I weren't able to listen to them. They never tell them just for the sake of telling horrors. It is always to point a moral.

This tough youth had been through it all; and, perched on the arm of a chair, after his effervescing, he came down to serious things. And with his beautiful brown eyes gazing earnestly into mine, he told of what he had been through, and what he had gained from it. And this was the way he ended: "How I ever got out of it alive is a mystery. Men killed all around me, and I never got a scratch. I wasn't worth it, God knows. And it was no goodness of mine that brought me through. It was my mother's and father's prayers that did it. If I had lived up to all my mother wanted me to be, I'd

be a lot better fellow than I am. But I know it was just their prayers that saved me."

All this, mind you, to two people on whom he had never laid eyes before, and before a third youth who looked "hardboiled," but who, instead of making fun of him, as he would doubtless have done three years ago, agreed with him.

Then the man at the head of the entertainment work in Paris has told me his problems, and troubles, at length, together with a part of his history. He was overworking, and knew it, and was afraid his health would fail. And the other evening I was alone in the library, by a bright fire, and a Y man, an utter stranger, came to me and poured out his story. It was a particularly pathetic thing to see a man of his sort so sunk in the very dregs of self-pity. He was particularly well set up, with a fresh skin and clear eye, and had impressed me as being a forceful, self-reliant type. He had been a teacher of psychology at home, and was now in great need of human sympathy. He was perhaps thirty-five years of age. At first, in France, he had overworked, going fourteen months with no rest. Then he had had the influenza and pneumonia; then insomnia and deep despondency; he had been crushed by the censure of the Y. M. C. A., and at last had taken to drink. His memory and mental concentration were now impaired. If a man of his sort had come to such a pass, one may well ask, "How has it been with the young doughboy?" And one also sees that listening to these stories is not the easiest thing a Y girl has to do.

As I look back on them, I realize that some of the entertainments I have attended during the winter have been most picturesque. There was the time, on Christmas eve, when our Victory Trio, arriving to give our program, found ourselves in a huge building, of iron, glass and cement,

usually devoted to the testing of auto trucks. It contained a crowd of about four thousand of our men, with a sprinkling of French girls. As we were late (a common occurrence with us, through no fault of our own), dancing had already begun. Most of the men were dancing with other men, or were just looking on. After two or three musical numbers, Miss S. and I, the only American women present, came down from the platform and mingled in the fray. My first partner was a graduate of the University of Oregon, where I had given a program less than a year ago. And the band was playing "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

Then, shortly before New Year's, Miss S. and I attended a dinner of fourteen covers, the guests being seven Y girls and six non-commissioned officers. The host, a sergeant, who was from Detroit, had spared no money on this banquet, and in spite of the famine prices gave us as elaborate a menu as he would have ordered before the war. Each guest had flowers and a souvenir, mine being something in oxydized silver. There were also several wines, including champagne. The ladies threw their influence against wine in the army by leaving theirs untasted.

And here is another one of the most rarely delightful times I have had. After our performance, we were asked to stay to a little party. The curtain was let down, shutting off the main body of the house, a candle was shaved up and dropped around on the stage floor, all the scenery was moved back, and we settled ourselves to a dance. There were eight or ten couples, canteen girls and their particular friends among the boys, mostly sergeants and corporals. One of them was the young fellow from Detroit who entertained us so elegantly just before New Year's. We had a few musical numbers. After the dance we went to a back-room and had a marvelous spread. Each guest had

a bunch of violets, and a rose, in a lovely little bouquet. We had hot buttered toast, lettuce leaves with omelette and jelly, coffee and two kinds of fudge. The young fellow who waited on the table was one of the hosts; and he is also said to own three hotels in San Francisco. The fudge was made by a Y secretary, now stationed at this hut.

After one of our performances in an officers' mess kitchen we had another little spread. The officers opened cans of sardines and jam, had on the table bread and hard-tack, and served fine coffee in huge mess cups of tin. It was all very impromptu and delightful. There was one rift in the lute. There were many horses at this camp, and I had the offer of a ride. The fact that I had to decline it made me feel positively ill. But I had no riding habit.

There was also the dinner at an officers' club. The invitation was of several days' standing, and so I wore my best white cloth gown, and white satin slippers. Arriving, I felt as conspicuous as a camel. The other ladies had sensibly worn their uniforms. The food was indeed delicious, and the menu elaborate. But we were in a mess hall with earthen floor and board seats, and the table service was of any old thing that came handy, even aluminum and tin. The style at this feast consisted in the music—by German prisoners. For me, my costume was the only thorn to the rose.

And here I may record the story of the silver slippers and the velvet cloak. They both belonged to Miss S, my room-mate, and the soprano of our trio. Her lovely voice was trained in Chicago and New York. She is a Southern woman, of charming and magnetic personality. To enhance all this, she brought with her three trunks full of lovely clothes. And as she has gone about in France, she has been in great luck if one of the trunks has not always been missing. Furthermore, the lady's maid to

which she must have been accustomed at home, did not come with her to France. So Miss S. was sometimes in trouble. As to the silver slippers, these are what she had to walk home in, high heels and all, one winter's night, because the little Ford that had taken us to the place where we gave our program, never came back any more. I had changed my slippers for shoes, and did not object to the walk in the least.

And the lovely velvet cloak and big picture hat, with no hat pin, were what Miss S. wore one evening, expecting that a covered 'bus would be sent for us, as indeed was sometimes done. But on this particular night, when it was raining gustily, what appeared was again a little Ford, without side curtains. When we reached our destination, ten or twelve miles away, Miss S. was thoroughly chilled, and felt that her clothes were ruined. And, after all, the sacrifice had been in vain, for the electricity in the hall was off, and the only light came from a few candles. The way she went ahead and sang was one of the pluckiest things I ever saw. But her voice almost broke in the first number, she was feeling so discouraged. On the way home our car broke down, and we had to wait an hour for another.

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IN THE NORTH OF FRANCE, March 16.—I am having a far better time than Miss S. today; she is down and out, exhausted and disgusted. This place is none too clean, and she is acutely affected by dirt. But I am feeling fine. One is much happier if one ignores what one can't help. I am not sure my bed has not been slept in before. But, at any rate, my top sheet has a pair of embroidered initials that any American housewife would be proud to own, and the sheet is of heavy linen, double hand hem-stitched.

As to linen sheets, by the way, they can be the very

coldest things I have ever felt in my life: when on a wintry night in France we have been brought home at high speed in an open car, and have gone to bed in a cold room, which is the rule in France in winter. Hotels form a subject of lively interest to most travelers. In the north of France they may be very primitive. In the south one may find them very luxurious. In one little village of two or three hundred inhabitants, our inn had big cuts of meat hung up on the first floor, and one chicken hanging head downward, to show us what we were not to have. All these were exposed to the air and dust. The cooking was done on a big hearth, eked out by a small range.

And in another village my room on the second floor had a washbowl about the size of a big soup plate. But the room had an attractive air of cleanliness, with its white-washed, sloping ceiling, from which a linen canopy was draped over the bed. This canopy, like the curtains at the windows, was of fine linen, trimmed with yards and yards of rich lace, crocheted in an unusual pattern. The walls of this inn were of stone, several feet thick. As to the cookery, France is always France. These little inns served very respectable dinners, beginning with soup and ending with a sort of tart, or with a soft cheese. One peculiarity was the serving of an egg in the middle of the meal, either fried or boiled.

At one town my room was in a rambling, weird building, reminding one of Bleak House in Dickens. One entered from the street, passed a stairway and traversed a passage; then passed through a door to an outer way, open to all the rains and winds of heaven. Here one turned several corners, ascended seven or eight steps, and at last reached the stairs that led to my room. This hotel, next to the Y headquarters, was nevertheless just the thing for me.

The places in which our trio have given our programs have differed as widely as our hotels. We have performed in officers' clubs; in theaters, often dismantled; once, in Brittany, in a lovely stone chapel holding about 1000, connected with a boys' school. The town hall has been the place, sometimes, with the townspeople free to come; and once, in Paris, we gave our program in a big ball-room, in a handsome private residence, to about a hundred of our men, just out of the hospital. This occasion was connected, in a way, with the King of England. Because he happened to be in Paris that day, our taxi was blocked by the parade, and we were dumped out in the rain, took the subway under the parade, and made the best of our way to the Stern residence. The next day, Miss S. produced her little iron, heated it at my tiny fire-place, a lot of papers were laid on the table, and the two concert dresses were pressed.

We have performed in mess halls, as well as in hospital wards, the last being the very hardest kind of program work that I have ever done.

Once, in Paris, we gave a program in a little chateau of Isadora Duncan's, given by her to be used as a hospital for gas patients. And here, in the north of France, we have performed to Polish soldiers, whose behavior has been most decorous; no talking or laughing, or smoking, and the closest attention given to music that did not appeal to some of our American soldiers. Our men usually smoke, and all my clothes are redolent of tobacco.

We have appeared in the huts of the Knights of Columbus, as well as in our own huts.

As to the Poles, it seems very peculiar to have the audience in uniforms of blue, instead of olive drab. One was startled every time one looked. Compared to our men, they are amazingly polite and ceremonious. There is no laughing or talking or smoking, as I have said;

neither do they seem to bathe, judging from the odors that have assailed my nostrils.

The Y huts are often capable of holding seven or eight hundred; the floor does not slope, and the acoustics may be poor; so that men on the back seat, unable to see or to hear, may be held somewhat excusable for inattention. It has even been found, and with less excuse, in the boxes at the Metropolitan Opera House. But the Y secretary is averse to calling the men to order, unless the need is pronounced.

I have had great joy in the scenery of France, in the rain and in the sunshine, and also in most marvelous moonlight. There is the flora, too, and there are the cattle in the fields. One can not over emphasize the beauty of the harbor at Brest, especially under the stars, when many brilliantly illuminated ships are sending bright paths across the water.

For a short time, on the western coast, I was in a little fishing village, containing the summer cottages of rich people. In the big hotel, frequented by the wealthy from all over France, I had the luxury of a fine room to myself. It had a balcony and French doors. I watched the view from its windows: the splendid surf in the moonlight, played upon by the rays from two lighthouses; and, in the early morning, the sheet of silver, on which the fishing smacks poised like great butterflies, with their wings of velvety reds and blues, were just slipping out to sea.

When our headquarters were in Nantes, the city so rich in historic associations, many of my associates voted the surrounding country flat and uninteresting. But it reminded me of the Fens of England, about Ely Cathedral, pictures of which look down on the dining table, at home. With the stone walls, the windmills, the quaint villages, the dainty church spires, the rounded trees and the soft

blue distances, these peaceful views can never be anything but very beautiful to me.

The fine library and good art gallery, in the old corn market and cloth market; and the old Chateau, where Anne of Brittany was married to Louis XII of France; as well as the underground dungeons of the Chateau—of all these I saw less than some people; but I saw much more of the surrounding country than many. In the cathedral I was impressed with the glory of light and color, in the celebration of mass. I was deeply interested in the extensive Druidical remains at Carnac, as well known to archeologists as those at the English Stonehenge.

As an example of my great opportunities for meeting all kinds of people, take this case. One day in Brittany, we were bowling along over fine French roads, kept up by German prisoners, in a little American Ford. It was evident that a fellow passenger was a most unusual talker. He gave the history of the Edict of Nantes, and of other things connected with the region; and a lecture, no less, on the racial development of the British Isles. It came out that he was a learned professor in the University of Edinburgh, as well as chaplain in ordinary to the English King. He was enthusiastic over the type of American soldiers whom he had been addressing.

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BREST, March 17.—While I was writing this last, I was struggling against the temptation to which I finally succumbed. It was 9:30 and I had come into my room with the purpose of writing a little, and then going to bed. But as I wrote by my open window, I heard strains of piano music, and the piano was being played remarkably well. The first thing that attracted my attention was the last page of my Chopin Ballade; and then came other and fascinating passages. I could finally resist no longer. So

I put out my light, locked my door, descended my stairs, and went into Y headquarters just next door. I had been correct in my surmises. The player was a Southern boy, who had been one of my audience the night before, when I played better than I have done for many months, perhaps years. The fresh and understanding enthusiasm of the small and delightful audience had been to me like wine.

This young Southerner (and I never knew there were so many of them as I have been meeting lately) is really remarkably good as a player, although he has taken no lessons since he was twelve years old. He is a delightful personality, absolutely lacking in self-consciousness, very sweet and unspoiled, and with a background of much culture and many traditions. He belongs to a soldier entertainment unit of nine. \* \* \* Last evening, after our entertaining was over, we met again and had another feast of music. He played for me a new thing he had just found, with which I was much struck, and which I shall get before I come home. Then I played and we both talked a lot, to the accompanying clink of billiard balls at our very elbows. A lively game was in progress, and there was hardly room for all of us.

To continue about this Southern boy: no one can deny that our dear country has its faults, as well as its virtues. They are both of them the attributes of youth: the breezy friendliness, which at its worst deteriorates into pushing impudence; the tremendous energy, which sometimes manifests itself in restlessness and lack of poise; and the splendid self-confidence, which may degenerate into blatant egotism. These will cease to be national faults, perhaps, as our country grows old. And, in the meantime, it seems an excellent thing that there are portions of our southland where old-world traditions have been kept in their finest flower, among them the qualities that

go to the making of a gentleman. This young non-com is just that. He speaks fluent French, and this, together with his music, has given him the entree to various French homes of the better class.

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This morning, when I was waiting in headquarters for the machine to take us to the station, I heard the Chopin Berceuse. I walked nearly up to the piano where young H. was playing. I hadn't the heart to disturb him, he was working with such concentration, and so I walked away again. He is working it up to play for me on our return to Brest, bless his heart.

He has been associating with all sorts of high-toned French people. There is a certain chateau near Brest, the residence of a French Colonel, who is a count, I believe. They have generals as their guests. Young H. has been entertained there at various times, and yesterday afternoon he played for the wedding of the daughter of the house. The wedding occurred in a chapel connected with the chateau. I am not clear as to the details.

He says he finds the older French women more attractive than the girls. They are more natural. To be *comme il faut*, a French girl must be demure, so utterly suppressed, that considering the French temperament, she is very unnatural. After marriage, she has more liberty to behave as she pleases. The only French girl he has ever known who displayed the slightest particle of American "pep" was despaired of by her aunt, and dubbed uncontrollable. This boy, though only a non-com, as I have said, is seeing the better class of French society. It is deplorable that so few of our army have this opportunity. Young H. calls it good, but still stands very loyal to American society.

And to go on about Southerners: today I was talking to a private from Louisiana. He spoke French before he

came over, and enjoys French people, by whom he is frequently taken for a Frenchman. He has a French name, and is undoubtedly of French extraction. I was interested in his volunteering the information, quite unsolicited, and apropos of nothing in particular, that he wouldn't marry a French girl. He was rather inarticulate, as so many people are, and couldn't tell just why. It just didn't appeal to him.

I am indebted to this adorable Southern boy, young H., for an exciting adventure. He succeeded in getting permission from the Prefect of Police in Brest to visit a German submarine; then he took me and another friend along. The first guard let us through; the second protested, but finally let us all through on the one pass. So I have been where many of the A. E. F. have longed to go, but where very few have been. We went out to the submarine on a series of floats. When we came to a gap, I had to cross it by a running jump. And while the two boys, both Southerners, tried at first to smooth the path for the lady of the party, it soon became a case of each person taking care of himself. To get into the submarine we had to descend through a man-hole (about the size of a man-hole in the street, or smaller), down a perfectly perpendicular ladder, for about ten feet. The interior was complex and crowded to the nth degree. I should have understood better what I was seeing if I had known more of machinery. I saw the place at the end where the torpedoes were sent out into the water, and saw the torpedoes there.

Near the subs the water is covered with oil. The color combinations, reds, browns, yellows, blues, are marvelous. One could study just those effects indefinitely. They form a lovely pattern of changing arabesques on the water. I got one small grease spot on the front of my uniform.

BREST, March 18.—Today I had a day that will long live in my memory. In weather it was one of the most beautiful days I have ever seen. I had a beautiful walk of two or three miles. We went to an old ruined church (Gothic) of the 13th century. The roof was almost entirely gone, and green grass was growing around the mossy and weather-beaten columns of the nave. I found it wonderfully beautiful, and most impressive. And then we had the sort of thing that fills my soul with joy. It is a rocky coast, and for about two hours we clambered around over difficult rocks. It was low tide, and we went out to the wreck of an old tug boat. We went into innumerable caves, all of them exquisitely beautiful. One large cave had an arched vaulting, and the most wonderful pastel shadings of lavender and green. And the pools had the most amazing effects, whether from the stones, sea life, or vegetation, I don't know. One had all the colors of the rainbow, mingled as in some exquisite piece of oriental mosaic. From one cave, with colorings of green and deep velvety red, we had a view of the ocean, through a chasm in the rocks, bridged by a picturesque arch of old masonry. It was very beautiful. I had one of the most rarely delightful times I have ever had. And now, after a day of peerless blue sky, lavender hills, and blue-green water, it is raining again. It has been a day that will long live in my memory as one of the most perfect I have ever spent, every moment a joy, and not one thing to mar it. I shouldn't want to go again, unless I had as pleasant companions. We were an ideal company, of one Y girl and seven young soldiers and sailors.

On the way back to Brest I had the escort of a fine sailor lad, with whom I became quite chummy, although we had not met before that day. When we reached the tram, he insisted so masterfully on buying my ticket (something under two francs) that there was no possi-

bility of my declining. And his further tribute to American womanhood was the gift of a fine box of chocolates. He was a lad of only nineteen, as full of youthful spirits as anyone I ever saw, and really a dear. Two months ago he had helped to save four or five people from a wreck.

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Later.—Today it rained hard, but I really enjoyed it, the air was so fine and the coloring brought out in the water so wonderful. On this rocky coast, the breakers dash one hundred feet or more up the cliffs, where I had a delightful walk of nearly three hours. When a wave rolled in, the foam would be caught by the wind up to the top of the cliffs, and fly across the land for hundreds of yards. I saw two battleships putting out to sea. I passed ruined stone houses, and crossed desolate moors, covered with stunted gorse and heather. The sun occasionally shone out, creating streaks of green, and yellow, and purple, above the great waves rolling in, unhurried, majestic, inevitable, and curling over in a delicate shade of green. It was certainly something to create one anew. I met only a few peasants, and some children. Most of the time I was quite alone, with the sky, the wind, the rain, and the sea.

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BREST, March 20.—In our audience last night, one very funny thing happened. The piano was a good one, but had one fault, the pedal kept getting unhinged. A young fellow set it right for me just before our performance began. It lasted for about half of the program, and then I had to get hold of him once more, and he fixed it up again. Later on a place came where I was not using the pedal. This boy was on the platform, right next the piano, with his legs swinging over the edge, and I suppose he thought it sounded rather thin. So as I was playing, I saw his head and shoulders come around the

corner of the piano, and his hand reach out for the pedal. I took my foot away, kept on playing, and managed to keep a straight face, which was not easy. He arranged things to his satisfaction, and then I put my foot back again. Truly, after I return to civilized life, nothing that could ever happen on a concert platform should be able to confuse me.

When we came home, I went into Y headquarters with two boxes of candy that had been given me (each lady had been presented with a big box of chocolates and a box of Jordan almonds) and I had a pleasant time with my particular set of boys. We danced and finished up the two boxes of candy.

Last evening's performance was in a Knights of Columbus hut, with a very attentive and well-behaved audience. The Y men will let the disorder get rather dreadful before interfering, and then are not so peremptory as the K. of C. secretary, who rises and shouts "Order!" when anything approaching disorder occurs. I think the Y men are right in considering the soldiers rather than the performers.

It seems that Miss S and I are the first women entertainers who have been in this building—a very nice place, by the way; and aside from a few old French women who come to the Sunday services, the first women who have entered the building, which is interesting. And we had a number of officers in the audience, which doesn't always happen.

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BREST, March 21.—As I was waiting in the Y headquarters the other day, a fine-looking soldier walked up to me and asked for some music. I played for ten or fifteen minutes, and he drank it in like one parched with thirst. It was so long since he had heard any good music, he said. As I finished, he said his wife had studied two

years in Dresden, and he had understood I had studied six years in Leipsic.

One thing that has been taking my attention lately is prohibition. So many of the soldiers that I hear talk say they are sore that they were given no chance to vote on it. One fire-eating fellow was saying yesterday morning that the returning soldiers wouldn't stand for it; there would be a revolution, etc. He evidently thought that the returning soldiers would all stand together.

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BREST, March 22.—Of course, every experience which gives us joy will cause certain regretful retrospection. One day, recently, as I was standing at the top of the great fortification wall which surrounds Brest, watching streams of American traffic going in all directions, two or three hundred feet below, it came over me very forcibly that when we all get home, particularly we women, who are being made so much of, and who must be quite wise to keep from being spoiled, there will come to us in after years a poignant wish to be back again, with the finest flower of our land all around us, bound to us, and we to them, by those ties which only those can feel who are in exile.

The spirit that sent these men over here, cheerfully and unflinchingly to face death in the cause of righteousness and justice, has given them something many of them never had before. With all of them it has brought near to the surface certain spiritual qualities, which one seldom finds in ordinary polite civilian life. It does not matter whether they went to the front or not. The big sacrifice was made when they came, and they will never be the same again.

## CHAPTER VI

Paris—Many Y women coming over—Acquaintances—Congestion in Paris hotels—Versailles—Uniforms—Trip to Coblenz—Chateau Thierry—Metz station—Montabaur scenery—Grotesque church at Aremberg—Hotel in Coblenz—Melancholy waiter ex-officer in German army—Trouble in the billets at Montabaur—The efficient young sergeant—Salvation Army canteen—Officer's story of German who failed to salute our flag—Russian strong man—I'program in a children's school—Schloss Wallendorf—Comfort of warm rooms—My German landlady and her gifts—Nice officers—Appreciative audience with uproarious manners—Dinner and supper with officers—Mansion of German millionaire—Fair weather and a happy time—Program given alone—French aviation camp recalled—Removal to Neuwied—Hotel Zum Wilden Mann—Swearing—"The Oregon army is waiting for you"—Recalls the French experience with Simpson's "Beautiful Willamette"—Can't ride horse-back—Behavior of German officers to the Americans.

**P**ARIS, March 23.—After my winter's work, I do not like Paris at all. Irritable taxies honk at me, and follow me up, trying to kill me. But I go

to bed early and I am getting back some of my lost vim, which I didn't realize I had lost. I only knew that Paris affected me most unpleasantly; but now I no longer expect a violent death every time I cross the street. There seems little prospect of my getting away from Paris. I still, as of yore, spend much of my time waiting in different offices.

A great number of Y women have just come over. Paris is overrun with them. Many of them have been trying for a long time to get over. On our way to Versailles we fell in with a young woman from Tacoma, who thinks she heard me play there. She signed up in July, and has just come over. Whereas, I signed up September 30, and arrived November 10. On the other hand, while they have seemed to rush through the entertainers, one that she knew was delayed as long as she was. And so many girls who signed up for canteen work have been transferred, that a girl will not admit she can play the piano at all, if she really wants to do canteen work. It seems that not a single canteen girl can be got to say she knows what a piano is for.

It is amazing how many old acquaintances one meets in Paris. The other day I met a Red Cross girl who came over on my boat. She has been all this time in Paris. She is doing office work under rather disagreeable conditions. The man over her is not a gentleman, and she has quite a time.

Another thing that interests me is the large number of Knights of Columbus men who take their meals in the Y cafeterias. It is an undeniable fact that a large part of the Y criticism has had its inception in the K. C. ranks. It seems rather poor taste for these men to reap the benefits of what the Y has done. In a Y cafeteria yesterday, a Y man sat directly behind me, and behind him sat a K. C. man. The latter was complaining about the cutlery not being clean. To my great joy the Y man said, "There are other eating places if you don't like this."

It costs me about thirty-two francs a day to live in Paris. The congestion here is something awful. Last evening I heard of an English girl who knows the town pretty well, who had hunted over forty hotels and hadn't found a thing.

I was talking with a Y girl who has been here over fourteen months, and she thinks it quite natural for the French to hate us, as she is quite sure is getting to be the case—we overrun everything so. As to the K. C. men, in that body as in all others, there are all sorts of men. I have met some of them I have thought particularly fine, sincere, hearty and big, who would not stoop to anything mean.

The Y has a special train every day for the trip to Versailles. It is all free, and it was intensely entertaining. Of course, the Versailles part was well worth seeing. But to be one of four hundred and fifty-four members of the A. E. F. was something that I wouldn't have

missed for a good deal. They were mostly soldiers, a few sailors, and some Y people. We were divided into groups of about a hundred, each with its own "barker." Wherever we went, we saw clouds of khaki, with dark blue sailor trimmings. There was also one bunch of officers.

And as to uniforms, there are as many different shades among the Y girls as among the army men, and more could not be said. Our general tone is greenish gray. Their general tone is khaki. But no two pieces of cloth seem to have been dyed alike. To anyone with an eye for color, the A. E. F. is a motley looking crowd. As to the French, I have never succeeded in disentangling their uniforms. They have a few among them in khaki. Once or twice I haven't known until seeing him close at hand that the soldier was not one of ours. Some gorgeous creatures wear scarlet trousers, skin tight, and black coats. Their officers' caps are often of velvet, black or maroon, and have much gold braid.

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PARIS, April 1.—I am going to Coblenz. It is odd, I haven't cared at all to go, while many of the entertainers would give their very eyes for the chance. I am to replace an accompanist who is being sent home with tuberculosis. They say she was very good—one of the few who could "put over" classical music.

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COBLENZ, April 3.—It was a heavenly day when we left Paris: green fields, a bright sun, blue sky and fleecy white clouds. Our comfortable train had glided out of the Paris station, and a social atmosphere prevailed in our distinctly unwarlike little compartment. As we progressed steadily on our way, we began to see signs of destruction: round patches of brown dirt in the green fields; houses with crumbling walls, surrounded with debris; one solid old Norman chateau that was a complete

wreck. We were in the Chateau-Thierry region, where so many of our own men fought and died so short a time ago. The utter peace and beauty of the morning gave me a most peculiar sensation. To some people it would have symbolized the good that must always rise, triumphant over evil. But to me, the utter unresponsiveness of Nature to our human woes, the unsympathetic beauty and peace of the scene seemed somehow merely cruel.

As we kept on, we saw camouflaged ammunition sheds, wrecked buildings, trench systems, barbed wire entanglements, the remains of one enormous factory that had been demolished; piles of shells, and one place where a hidden battery had been with its large covering of green boughs. We saw aeroplanes throughout the day, as well as Boche prisoners working on the fields where their own shells had pitted the turf. I am glad now I have seen it, although sight-seeing of the battlefields was the last thing in my thoughts. We got to Metz, arriving at one of the finest stations I have seen over here, and went to a hotel to which a friendly M. P. directed us. I had to pay for a double room, but I much preferred that to having a roommate.

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MONTABAUER, (near Coblenz), April 4.—The country here is beautiful: great beech forests, with smooth gray trunks, and no underbrush. It is all so well cared for, it hardly looks natural. With the beautiful, rolling hills, blue distances, and quaint villages, it is a lovely country. And at present, it is a land of the Americans. Every important building is surmounted by our flag. All this does me a great deal of good. I didn't know until recently that this kind of vengefulness existed in me. I should like to see Cologne under the British heel.

At Arenberg we went to see a church, supposed by the A. E. F. in this area to be rather noted. People come

here on pilgrimages from all over Germany. It was built, I believe, during the last twenty years; and it is an architectural monstrosity. There are fussy, colored reliefs on every pillar. The windows are gaudy, not rich. Gaudy pictures are everywhere. There are alcoves with reclining figures, with invisible colored electric lights, just like a theater. About the altar, bad taste runs riot. Big paintings are surrounded by strips of mirror; and patterns of shells, of many sizes, are set in the wall. Strung up and down the nave are crystal chandeliers, appropriate for an ornate theater. I can't begin to remember all the grotesque things. Outside there are about thirty shrines, with colored figures, grottoes, and queer theatrical effects. In one place a bronze vine has a number of buds, each one with a head coming from it, some grinning skulls, some beautiful faces. You can imagine it all. A doughboy near me, gazed open-eyed, and then ejaculated "Goodnight, nurse!"

Our living in Germany is cheap. It seems that we pay nothing for our billets. The army does that. We pay for our meals only, which are cheap. A welcome change, indeed. We have nice meals, prepared and served by soldiers, at a German inn, where there are three pianos that we can use. The Y headquarters is at the Gasthof.

My hotel in Coblenz was very comfortable. Music at meals was given by a grand piano and three or four other instruments. My waiter, an efficient one with a melancholy face, had been an officer in the German army. This is greater comfort than having meals off a tray in a Y cafeteria in Paris.

We are now quartered in one of the best houses in Montabaur. My two ladies, both of them singers, are a floor higher up than I, and are in a room together, while I have a little room alone. My landlady seems only too glad to do anything for me, and her husband has a mild

face and white hair, and incidentally has been in China and Africa.

But the two ladies have not been so well treated. Their landlady was very disagreeable, complained about having ladies quartered on her, they were so much trouble; she had no more blankets for them; she was ready to prove this by going to a neighbor to borrow some; and why didn't the army take care of them? *The army did!* A fine young sergeant was sent to interview her. He called for the keys to search the house for more blankets. At this the woman's husband took a hand, and was so grossly insulting that he was choked into submission. The sergeant vowed that if the German had not been an old man, he would have killed him on the spot. Since then he comes daily to see that the ladies are well looked after. He read the recalcitrant Hausfrau a lesson on the different position of women in her country, and in his. In America, he told her, ladies must have the best.

He is a very efficient young man; he has a clean, sweet expression, clear, honest eyes, and is a thorough gentleman. He has one wound stripe and three service stripes. He wears three sergeant's chevrons, and the first division insignia. He would not wear all these, he is so quiet and modest; but he has been ordered to wear them all by the commanding officer holding inspection. He certainly has had some great experiences. I could listen to them by the hour. The quiet and unemotional way in which he tells them makes greatly for effectiveness.

Today we went to the Salvation Army canteen. Since the Y canteens have been taken over by the government, the commissary is the place for us to get the things we want, and—they don't have them. The Salvation Army has a little canteen in a back street, up a flight of stairs. There are nuts, raisins, chocolate, soap, tooth brushes, and

a dozen and one things. I got six oranges, almost impossible to get elsewhere, and the girl insisted on giving us each two large bars of chocolate. She wouldn't take any pay. She seems to be a lovely girl.

An officer told me this story: A rule was made in a certain village that all Germans, in passing, salute our flag. One failed to do it, and the Americans fined him two hundred marks. A number of his friends signed a statement to the effect that he was not in the village at the time. The result was, that each one who signed the statement was also fined two hundred marks.

The English and the French are not treating the Germans as leniently as the Americans. In the matter of billeting troops, they are much harsher. And I think they are quite right.

Yesterday, at an entertainment for the soldiers, we saw some performances of a Russian strong man. His great stunt is to clasp his hands, with his arms akimbo, while a horse is tugging at a rope held in the crook of each arm. The horses pull in opposite directions, and he holds them, without unclasping his hands. This was in a field. Then we gave our program to about seventy-five, in a school building. School had to be dismissed to make room for us. There were the funny little desks and seats, with the soldiers so much too big for them. It looked very queer. From the windows, we had a beautiful view of the peaceful valley, with the shadows chasing over it. We are right on the eastern edge of our army of occupation.

Afterwards we took a run up to a castle where some American troops are quartered. The castle originated in the middle ages, and looks at a distance something like a big hotel. Certain rooms are reserved for the family (the Wallendorfs), while the rest is turned over to the Americans. We were shown some of the state apartments.

There are galleries with dozens of ancestral portraits, and other paintings, many of them looking to me as if they might be very good. There are rare pieces of furniture, carved cabinets, inlaid tables, marble stairways, old armor; and one room, with a perfectly immense billiard table, has a collection of old guns, which must be very valuable. The delightful irony of an American officer showing these weapons to guests, not of the Wallendorfs, but of their enemies, appealed greatly to me. The Germans may not admit their defeat, but it will take many generations to wipe out from that arrogant family the memory of the "barbarians" who were quartered there. We saw the chapel, too, fairly large, with a pretentious altar, paintings, and a family vault.

We had a most delightful ride home this evening in the moonlight. I found a nice fire in my room, when I got back, and it was so comfortable. It is odd, but I am now noticing the comfort of warm rooms, more than I did the discomfort of the cold rooms in France. I saw a patch of snow yesterday.

The luxury of a really warm room to go to bed in is something I have not had since I left the boat at Bordeaux, five months ago.

My landlady seems only too delighted to have a chance to do something for me. She talks about the miserable food conditions in Germany. "We poor Germans have nothing but potatoes and bread to eat." She showed me a loaf, very dark, and close grained.

That sergeant is extremely efficient, as I have said before. When he was here the other day, my landlady seemed much perturbed. She probably considers him a desperado. But he smiled down on her good-naturedly from his six feet, and told me to tell her that so long as she was good to the American girls, she would have

nothing to fear from him. I assured her that everything was all right.

This morning she brought me a little bouquet of flowers which she had picked from the garden. She has had many American officers billeted here, she says. The Americans in this house come to me to do their interpreting. I certainly am meeting a number of nice officers. Our associates here are officers rather than privates.

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April 13.—Last evening we went out to Ransbaeh. We had mess with some officers—two colonels, one major, four captains, four lieutenants, and a Y man. Then we gave our program, the two ladies and I, and it was one of the finest audiences I have ever performed before. They sounded wild at first, but when we came out they calmed down and were appreciative to the last degree. We are the first American women entertainers who have been there for a long time. We then came to the Y in Montabaur, and danced. It was a lot of fun. There were just three women on the floor. When the whistle blows, there is a mad scramble, half a dozen boys trying to get the same girl for a partner. The one who touches your arm first is the right one. You are not allowed to engage dances ahead.

The next day we had a nice ride of fifteen kilometers, and were taken to dinner, with perhaps a dozen officers. One thing I liked was, there was no wine served. It is about the first officers' mess I have seen where that has been the case. We spent the afternoon out at the officers' club house, and extremely pleasant it was. A few other Y girls came in, and we had a light supper served at small tables; chicken and jam sandwiches, cookies, chocolate layer cake, and cocoa to drink, ending with a Hood River apple apiece (so they faithfully assured me).

The country around this club house is very beautiful, distinctly hilly, and in one or two places the roads are so narrow as to make the driving dangerous. The club house is near a silver mine, about two thousand years old. The entire house has been turned over to these officers. It belongs to a German millionaire, who has three or four similar places. He is now in Dusseldorf. He has evidently been something of a hunter, because all over the house are stuffed animals, skins and horns, the latter, carefully dated, adorning the walls of one room. He also has some very choice pictures of scenes in Italy, Spain and Egypt. There is an American Victrola, and among the others are pictures of Washington, Napoleon, and Frederick the Great. The china which we had for supper is beautiful. The house is evidently one of taste and culture.

It is a large place, with servants' quarters the other side of the drive; and it has stables and a garage. But comparing it with an American house of equal pretensions, here are some interesting differences: an American would have a bathroom, or at least a stationary bowl, with each bedroom. There are here great numbers of bedrooms, but only two bathrooms. The bedrooms have bowls and pitchers. His garage is big enough for but one auto, while an American would have several. And in America such a place would have its own electric light plant, if wires could not be had from town. Here the light is gas.

The officers are very careful of everything. They have even bought smooth-soled shoes for their orderlies, lest the floors be scratched. They have paid for these out of their own pockets. And everything of especial value has been locked up.

There is a great deal of hand-carved furniture. The great living room, with its large easy chairs and bright

fire (the house, by the way, has a hot water plant for heating) was one of the most delightful places I have been in for a long time. The commanding officer, a major, is a very nice man. I had supper with him, at one of the tables for four. We talked automobiles.

COBLENZ, April 14.—The weather is wonderful, as I said before. Yesterday was a warm spring day, and today is another. I had just the feeling of spring fatigue I used to have in Leipsic, when the first warm spring days came. It seemed almost impossible that I was not back there again, everything seemed so familiar. The big Hausthore, the mail boxes, the style of architecture, the German children playing in the streets, all seemed to take me back again. Only, as I was walking along, a friendly American voice accosted me, and an American officer was walking beside me. The khaki would have been absent ten years ago. And my frame of mind is very different. In those days, if one was not naturally war-like, one walked softly, and avoided trouble. Now, Americans are ruling the town; some 60,000 of them are stationed here; the government is entirely American; our M. P.'s stand on street corners, directing traffic; an American machine will turn a corner, its driver shouting in a good-naturedly abusive fashion at Germans who happen to be crossing the street at the moment; khaki out-numbers any other kind of garb almost two to one, and a German official will salute most snappily when an American officer meets him. All this does my heart good. The best public buildings are turned over to our government; and I feel now like one of the conquering race, in a land of the conquered, which was not my attitude in days gone by.

All along, when I have heard so many others wishing that they could go to Germany, I have felt that I didn't

care a button about it. I had been in Germany, and had left nothing behind to go after. When I finally was sent out, I felt a bit forlorn. I hadn't one person there who was even an acquaintance, let alone a friend, whom I expected to meet. And lo, when I got here, I speedily made a number of most pleasant acquaintances; I was comfortably located; had fun galore; was placed in an exquisite country, with plenty of chances to see it; and last, but by no means least, I have had the proud joy of feeling myself one of a conquering race, in a land where I had previously suffered annoyance because I was of that race.

One of the troubles many a boy confides to a sympathetic friend like me, is that the girl he left behind him is now married to someone who stayed at home. In the opinion of the man in his country's uniform, this bridegroom is never worth the lead to shoot him with. These stories make me furious.

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NEUWIED, April 18.—Last evening, when the time came for our program, the two ladies of our trio were too ill to appear. I talked with the head of my department, and we discussed the advisability of my going alone. He was opposed to it. He said that the men were a rough bunch, and had made trouble for entertainers before. It was finally agreed that I should go, and then at least they would see that faith had been kept with them. So I took a "peppy" ride of twenty minutes, all alone in solitary state in the tonneau of a Winton limousine. It was a wonderfully beautiful road, along a winding stream among the hills. I came to a little marine camp, where five delightful young officers had me for mess. Afterwards I begged a paper and pencil, and made out my program: a prelude by Rachmaninoff, two numbers by Sinding; Robert Service's "Call of the Wild;" a parody on

Kipling's "If;" a comical short poem called "Tomorrow;" Rachmaninoff's Polichinelle; the Wagner-Liszt Spinning-Song; the Erl-King, by Schubert-Liszt, and a Moskowski waltz, as well as O. Henry's "By Courier." There was a good piano (heaven be praised) in a corrugated iron mess hall, the only light being a dozen candles across the platform. My audience numbered perhaps seventy-five.

I told them I had lost my two ladies, and so had come to do the best I could by myself. I couldn't do jazz music, but would do my best with what I was able to do. If they didn't like it, I shouldn't have my feelings at all hurt if they got up and went out.

It pleases me to think that I could "put over" straight, legitimate stuff, and have them enjoy it as much as they seemed to do. Never have I performed to a more decorous audience. Those who left did it so quietly that I didn't know they were going. There was no talking, and the closest kind of attention. Before each piano number I gave a little talk. Of course, that was probably about all that saved the program. This morning, when I reported at the office and told what had happened, the lieutenant seemed much amused; I don't know why.

I am reminded of an aviation camp, in France, where our Victory Trio gave a program to an equally appreciative audience. We all enjoyed it. And when we got home we were told that those men were an especially "tough bunch." Not long afterwards, we were sent again to this same camp. It had not been so planned; we had dressed for an officers' club. But some other entertainment unit had fallen ill, and the officers, not the privates, had to go without an entertainment. We were as usual late in arriving, owing to transportation troubles. And when we at last came to this same tough bunch, they were yelling their heads off. To while the time away they had put on a boxing match. Our hearts froze within

us at the noise they made, and the thought of facing them. One marine told us, later, that he admired our nerve in facing that "wild gang." But this time they were just as attentive and appreciative as before.

I am leaving Montabaur. My landlady yesterday sent me off with a most darling little nosegay: buttercups, primroses, violets, wild currant, and ivy leaves. It was remarkably artistic. She said she had liked me so much. Poor old soul! It is pretty hard to have strangers coming into your house, their wishes backed by the iron arm of hostile military authority, as personified by my extremely efficient young sergeant. I quite believe that when she saw me going, and didn't know what sort of person would be quartered on her next, she was sorry and apprehensive. She told me that the first snow drops had been given to an American, and now these first violets to another American. Surely, that would show that she had nothing against the Americans. I still believe that her whole attitude is based on fear alone.

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NEUWIED, April 21.—Today my Montabaur landlady presented me with a good-sized Easter cake, which she had baked especially for me. This morning (just as I was leaving) she gave me a postcard, showing a picture of our house. It is consequently very interesting. I gave her a piece of chocolate, an unusually good kind, which was given to me the other day. She made many apologies for the cake, she hadn't the right materials, etc. They spent all of yesterday baking and cleaning for Easter. It certainly takes me back to my Leipzig days.

The German family seemed very sorry to see me go. I think partly they may have liked me, and also they didn't know what sort of people they might get in my place. She said she wanted to have me stay until the Americans all left. I told her that I should like to, but

that I was, so to speak, in the army, and that in the army one was not the master of one's own movements. And then she asked a question which was typically German: "Aren't you of the officers' class? You are not like a common soldier." I told her officers had no more to say about their own disposal than privates.

It is quite true that all women workers are free to go to any place that is reserved for officers. On the trains we travel first class, while buck privates go third. Non-coms go second. It seems that American privates must travel third class, because the French privates do. It certainly doesn't seem right that the donning of a uniform, supposed to be an honor, should yet subject the wearer to inconvenience to which a civilian is not subjected.

The ride over here was a very beautiful one, a winding road above a brook, and hills rising on all sides. I had taken the ride the evening before. The way was beautiful by night; but I was very glad to see it by day. We had a Cadillac.

In the hotel zum wilden Mann I have a nice, large room, all to myself, on the corner, with four windows, and near a Platz where the American band plays. We are to give seven performances for the week, as against ten in Montabaur.

Not long ago I remonstrated with a boy I know quite well on his swearing so much. It seems they do it quite unconsciously. Lately I met this same nice youth again. He had greatly improved. He said he was glad I had spoken as I did, and "You done me good." \* \* \* Before last evening's program, we had a delightful time at the officers' mess, and then went over to the hall. When the chaplain was introducing us, and mentioned me from Portland, Oregon, a wild yell went up from the Oregonians there. Just before my last number, I said that I hoped

those Oregonians who had made such a noise would come up later and speak to me. And they certainly did. The young fellow who came to tell me they were there, put it thus: "The Oregon army is waiting for you." I had a great time shaking hands and talking to them.

The program went very well. There was no getting up and leaving, and almost no talking. It was the 66th artillery, containing a large proportion of college men. The hall was a beauty: a fine piano, a fine stage, and such acoustics as I have seldom heard. It is a German Festhalle. Afterwards, in the canteen, we drank chocolate, ate wafers, and talked with more Oregon boys. With one of them I exchanged all sorts of equine experiences.

All this recalls the camp, in France, where I heard that there were a number of men from Oregon, and so recited Simpson's "Beautiful Willamette," a truly lovely poem. After the program, they just crowded around me. And it had been a most appreciative audience. They feel strongly averse, so they said, to French performers; they want Americans. "We don't want no frogs," said one youth. I was told that one man had gone to bed, instead of coming to the concert. But when he heard there was someone there from Oregon, he dressed and came to the "reception."

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April 23.—One thing that makes me feel quite badly is the continual string of soldiers I see on horseback. I have had the offer of a horse more than once, but the insurmountable obstacle is the lack of a suitable costume. The other day a major was offering one of his horses, and when I spoke of the mundane subject of clothes, he suggested that I wear a pair of enlisted men's trousers. I didn't want a ride quite that badly! It seems, as I heard the story (which may not be true) that a Y girl did just that, and rode into some rather populous town.

As a result (the story goes on) she was severely reprimanded, and is now on her way home.

The other day I was talking to an officer about the German state of mind. He told of an experience that either he himself or a friend of his had had. As the troops were entering Germany, certain of the officers were billeted in a very fine home belonging to a lieutenant-colonel in the German army. This lieutenant-colonel scraped and bowed, posted himself just outside the officer's door, and when anything was wanted, rushed and fetched it himself. Imagine an Anglo-Saxon officer of that rank behaving in that way! It seems to me, however, a logical result of their system.



## CHAPTER VII

Dinner and supper menus—Pride in the superb physique of our soldiers—Excellent meals at officers' club in Neuwied—Church services—Transfer from entertainment to religious department—Leave area work in Andernach, and a glorious good time—Dance in German officers' school—Hall ornate—Beautiful gardens—Palatial place—Trembling eagerness of boys for partners pathetic—Good behavior of enlisted men—Andernach Y hut—The Rhine—Agreeable landlady—German major's great garden—Orchids—Nightingales—Miss S. and I once more—Wonderful saddle horses—Cows shod for draft animals—My landlady talks—German orchestra—Undesirables among our men—Hero—Tipsy but gentle—Cake recipe for a boy—General H.—Three weeks of marvelous weather—Flowers—Dancing—Auto enthusiasts—The Frenchman—Theatrical entertainers—Ice cream, chocolate and picking pansies—Joy in work—Rhine trip and Beethoven—Crap—Hardships of men on march into Germany—General Pershing.

**C**OMING home from luncheon at an officers' mess, we met the canteen girl who had been handling chocolate for the soldiers at the track meet. I believe she counted up something like 125 gallons that had been disposed of.

Last evening we had a nice, long ride to our entertainment place. We had a wonderful dinner: fried chicken, peas, mashed potatoes, Spanish cream, and most wonderful cinnamon rolls. And if this menu doesn't sound wonderful to you, it is because you don't know food conditions here. Delicacies can be had more easily in France, because one can buy of the French people, while one may not buy of the German people, and is entirely dependent on what the army provides. The army provides staples, but isn't likely to bother much about fancy gastronomic flights. At table were two Y canteen women, a Y man, and four officers. It was a remarkably nice company, and the conversation was much easier than it often is. Frequently, the officers are young, and socially inexperienced, and the talk doesn't go well. These men were all young, even the major, but they knew society, and as a party it was a great success.

Our program was given to a very rough bunch. They didn't take my piano, but my reading went well, and the numbers by the other ladies went finely. The

men whooped, and yelled, and whistled till you thought your ear drums would burst. Afterwards we went into the officers' mess room again, and they made us stay for about an hour and a quarter, and then we had a hard time getting away. We were served with coffee, hot buttered toast, and more cinnamon rolls, and we had more talk. It was one of the most delightful parties that have been given to us. But it was about 10:30 before we got home.

One of the lieutenants who remarked particularly on my piano music, and what a treat it was to hear something good in that line, was an intimate friend of the girl who died on the boat on our way over. She was an entertainer, and had also studied in Leipzig. Like so many of the men in this army, he was a magnificent physical specimen. I certainly tingle with pride when I see our men; they are nearly all of them such strong, big men, and are physically so superlatively fine.

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NEUWIED, April 27.—I am having excellent meals here. It is an officers' club, run by the Y, where for two francs (or four marks) one gets a breakfast of cereal, bread, butter, and unusually delicious marmalade made of grapefruit or pineapple, or something equally rare; coffee, and two eggs, served in various ways. The evaporated milk was so thick this morning that it poured like syrup in winter. It tastes really very much like cream. Luncheon here is equally good, and costs three francs. And the appointments here are so dainty, beautiful flowers on spotless tables, good china and good service in a very handsome place. It is the old casino, has a fine ball-room, etc. The food is excellently cooked.

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April 28.—This evening we were taken in a limousine to a Masonic hall to give our program. I had a Bluethner

grand piano, in fine condition, to play on. The presiding major brought us home in his car, and very kindly offered to place it at our disposal whenever we wanted to go sight-seeing. He said he wanted to reciprocate for what we did this evening.

Since I last wrote, I have been to two church services, and I am just starting to another. In a near-by church an American Episcopal service was being held, and I found it very impressive. It was just high enough to be solemn. In a good-sized congregation (a good many officers, including one general, being present), the only other woman besides myself downstairs, and the only one in civilian dress, was an old German woman in black on the back seat. It was very moving to me to see that large congregation, not one of whom had come because his wife had brought him, and very few, probably, who had come because they thought it was the thing to do. They were there because they felt the inner urge.

I am to be transferred to the religious department, and am to be stationed at Andernach. It is a leave-area, where the Y gives as happy a day as it possibly can to the soldiers who come in from the out-lying posts, where they have no diversion of any kind, and are, so to speak, dying of inaction and home-sickness.

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ANDERNACH, May 4.—I certainly seem to myself to be one of the luckiest people that ever were. Everywhere I go, things seem to open up so beautifully for me. I am stationed at a leave area, with a wonderful hall, a fine bunch of women, a glorious grand piano, and a delightful landlady, on one of the most beautiful spots on the Rhine. I am to be a combination of musical entertainer and religious and recreational worker.

Saturday, as there was no dancing at any of the huts for enlisted men, I was sent out to Engers, perhaps ten

miles away. I got a Y worker, a delightful woman of perhaps 50, to go with me. Fifteen minutes before the time set, a Cadillac drew up at the door, and we were taken out all by ourselves. We arrived at a beautiful building, on the east bank of the Rhine, which had been a German officers' school, and later a hospital. It is a palatial place, with beautiful gardens. The hall where we danced was small, but extremely ornate, with mirrors, carvings, paintings, quite in the French style. The only thing lacking to a complete French effect was gilding. The ceiling was painted, very good work. One of my partners, whose business in life is painting, said that it had been done in 1760, after the Rubens style, by a man whose grandson retouched the work in 1845. This young fellow, my partner, was planning to come to this hall to do some sketching. The music was good, the floor was good; there was just one disadvantage: there was not enough room. There are some seventeen hundred men stationed there, Second Division Engineers. Collisions were many, but I didn't mind; it added excitement, and took away all formality and stiffness.

Of course, I had a fine time. But in a way it was one of the most pathetic things I have seen, the trembling eagerness of these boys for a partner. One nice chap was one of two to touch me simultaneously, at the blowing of the whistle. He said he had been trying for two hours to get a dance with a girl, and hadn't made it yet. There were perhaps a dozen girls there, all from the Y. After this, I shall try to do all the dancing that my work will allow. \* \* \* It is a constant source of wonder to me, considering the large number of men in the army from those sometimes snobbishly called the lower classes, that these enlisted men's dances are so decorous. The men are always so well behaved, and gentlemanly. You would expect that all sorts of disagreeable things might happen

to you, but they don't. \* \* \* We rode home again in the Cad, and got home about 11:45. Andernach is a forty-five minute drive from Coblenz.

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Today has been just like heaven. This morning we held service in the wonderful new hut. It is enormous, with a splendid stone fireplace, and raised platform. It cost \$37,500.00. There are all sorts of easy chairs, by the hundred, almost, with desks, reading matter, and this wonderful new piano. It is a Mand, a make I never heard of before coming into this area, but I have played on several that were very fine. This is a concert grand, brand new, and valued at \$3500.00. It has a range of nearly eight octaves, going up to C in the treble, while the bass includes F. It will give me a chance for some wonderful bass work.

I opened the service this morning with a prelude. A fine musician of the church choir variety, led the singing. A Mrs. de G. sang. She has been an opera singer here for six years. She is French, and now in Y work. I had lunch with Mrs. N. and the Y girls who are working under her. She is a lady and seems quite the round peg in the round hole. The girls are charming. During the afternoon I "floated" and talked to the soldiers. To night I had dinner in the enlisted men's cafeteria: a hot hamburger sandwich, which was perfect; a piece of rather solid pie; some ice cream made from condensed milk, and a cup of chocolate.

This evening I played hymns and two solos at the evening service, and then I went over to the main hut, and sat on the fine verandah, which surrounds the hut, and looks out on the Rhine. It is right over the water, with chairs drawn up to the railing. First of all, the wonderful pink and blue sunset was reflected in the water down the gorge; then the deepening shadows, and the

twinkling lights, appearing one by one. A tow boat with several barges was anchored for the night, just opposite. One could hear the lapping of the water against its sides. The busy little American patrol boat chugged up and down the river. From the hall inside came strains of excellent music from the German orchestra. (Ten men are paid to play there every afternoon and evening.) Some way, I couldn't believe that all this was happening to me. Finally, I tore myself away, and came home.

My landlady is only too willing to do anything for me. I can get hot water whenever I want it. And my room, while tiny, looks out on a lovely garden, with fruit trees in bloom, and the nightingales sing there now. It is interesting to see the way things go. Miss S. wanted to come to Germany, and I didn't care about it. She was always dissatisfied, and striving for something different. As for me, I did not fret and worry. I was content to take things as they came, and not get ready for tiger-shooting while I was still in Canada. I got discouraged sometimes, I will admit, but I did the best I could. And, suddenly, this thing came to me, just what she would have dreamed of, and it came to me almost unmasked. I don't know, of course, whether she has anything in France as good. But better she can't have, because it doesn't exist.

This leave area is for soldiers, only. No Y people can have leave in Germany. \* \* \* I met a major general today. He heard me play. He is a man who exhales power, but not grace. And I have also seen some wonderful saddle horses. And, in Germany, they use cows, nowadays, for draft animals. They even shoe them. I wonder how much milk they give after a hard day's work.

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May 5.—Today has been another day just like heaven. This evening I went to the dance at the big hut. There

were not more than half a dozen girls but mobs of boys.

May 6.—This morning is one of the kind you read about, but seldom see. I am sitting by my open window. The sun is shining brilliantly on my beautiful garden, with its pear blossoms; and it is also shining on the major's garden, just over the fence. Perhaps two hundred and fifty American soldiers are quartered there now. There is a large stone house, set in the middle of very beautiful grounds, with many shrubs and trees, both evergreen and deciduous. The place belongs to a German major, so my landlady (who seems very kindly disposed) was telling me. The major's first wife was very wealthy, and he put her entire fortune into orchids. He had thousands of rare plants, of all colors, from all parts of the globe. Last winter, with no coal, they all froze to death. Now his extensive green-houses are empty. And again the beautiful irony of things! Young America now disports itself on his sacred lawns, and breaks off branches from his sacred shrubs. And this young America comes, not as a guest, but as a conqueror. At intervals, all through the day, bugle calls are heard on his grounds. But they are not German bugle calls. \* \* \* The birds, at least, know no humiliation. They sing just as wonderfully as they ever did. Ever since daybreak, I have been listening to the different songs outside my window. Now, I am listening to a nightingale. It is noon, but I am assured that it does sometimes sing by day. I heard this same bird last night, at about eleven. I am reminded of my only other experience with a nightingale. It was in England, and I was much disappointed. I have come to the conclusion that there is something lacking in me. Everyone else seems to think a nightingale's song so wonderfully beautiful; and I would rather hear a good canary, any day. There is, to be sure, a certain trill which is lovely, and certain whistled notes which are also beau-

tiful. But hear all the poets—Christina Rossetti, for example:

"We call it love and pain,  
The passion of her strain,  
And yet, we little understand, or know ;  
Why should it not be rather joy, that so  
Throbs in each throbbing vein?"

I like it no better than the California mocking-bird.

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May 7.—This is another marvelous day. As I walk through the streets of this little town, I see the cherry trees (already shedding their flower petals) and the German shop windows, and it all carries me back to my spring days in Leipzig. I seem to be there once again.

My landlady has been talking to me. I didn't argue with her; it does not pay. She is still a very patriotic German. She speaks of the wonderful victories they achieved at first; of how Germany alone could have finished France in six weeks; of how terrible the peace terms are; and how sad that Germany, once the highest of all, should have fallen so low; and how impossible it was for Germany, alone, to fight the whole world. And she declares the great mistake Germany made was in not staying united; then, they might still have been victorious.

I do not quite understand her talking thus to me. She is very sweet about it, nothing blatant in her manner. I judge her to be about 30. It is strange she does not realize that I, from an enemy country, can not share her point of view. \* \* \* She asked me yesterday if I could buy her some chocolate. Her little boy is sick, has no appetite, and will not drink milk. I told her it was a very serious offense to buy of the American commissary and sell to the French, even; and certainly we could not sell to the Germans. But I gave her two sticks of chocolate that I had bought, and I had quite a time

making her take it without pay. I did it, of course, partly for the sake of the little boy, and partly to smooth my own path.

The other evening at the dance at the big hut, there were about 500 boys and only myself and one other Y girl! Of course, several men may touch your arm at the same instant, and you can't possibly decide who should have the dance. Then the well-bred gentlemen bow and step back, while the more persistent youths toss coins. And this is certain: the German orchestra cannot play American dance music. Their waltzes are all too fast, and they change time frequently.

One youngster told me he had been coming for two weeks, regularly, and that this was his first dance with a lady. A nice boy got another boy to dance with, and followed me around the floor. Another made such a wild dash, that if I had not held on to him, he would probably have fallen down. It is in a way, of course, a trifle. And yet it strikes me as one of the most pathetic things I have seen over here. My last partner was well proportioned, and his height was six feet, three and a quarter inches.

The German orchestra are paid two hundred marks a day, and play in the hut five hours a day. They seem nice, gentle young fellows. The pianist and I played for each other, and parted amicably. And again I am struck with amazement that such men could do the things they have undoubtedly done. \* \* \* The other day my landlady asked me to come in and play for them, which I did.

The Y girls here are a picked set, most of them college girls. The other day in Coblenz one of these charming Y girls was forced to call down a soldier in the dining-room. And here in Andernach, Mrs. N.'s life is not a merry jest. Many undesirables appear in

the hut. Last evening one who has made things disagreeable for three months, was told to leave. She turned him over to an officer, a friend of hers, just outside. This man was the kind who comes a dozen times a day for favors, takes everything the Y has to offer, and then, when he is refused because he asks the impossible, sneers about the Y never doing anything. We may expect censure of the Y in public places from his sort, on their arrival home. Some of these men hide their beer bottles under the porch, and make trips out to them during the evening. They are not allowed to drink on the premises. This man had been doing that. He had been so disagreeable and impossible that the girls had tried by a special effort to get hold of him, and make him more appreciative. But it only had the effect of making him more bumptious. Mrs. N. calls such men "rotters."

I have been awfully lucky. I have met an exceptionally nice set of boys. I got into the harness a little, here in the hut, when a soldier who had torn a snag in his coat asked me to mend it, which I did, making, by the way, a pretty good job of it. This man, who has been cited eight times for extreme bravery and has a D. S. cross, has been drunk for three weeks. Dr. F. got hold of him and gave him a talking to. The man wept copiously, and promised to go home, and sober up. He never does anything objectionable, and he knows he is drunk. He seems to have, even in that state, a great respect for women. For two or three days, as it happens, he has been dogging my footsteps. In the cafeteria he comes up and shakes hands, and begins to talk about truth. I find myself sitting opposite him at table. In exchange for mending his coat I received as a souvenir a German bullet. And when I was playing yesterday, he came and leaned over the piano, and began to talk of

the time when we should both be dead! Truly, my present life is not monotonous.

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I wrote out a recipe for a cake, today, for a boy, with full directions for making it. I hope it will be a success.

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May 29.—Yesterday afternoon I was sitting outside on the porch, and Gen. H. came out and talked for about fifteen minutes. He is a major general, in command of this area. He is rather a fine figure of a man, about fifty-five, with a jaw like Gibraltar, cold, domineering eyes, set close together, and the habit of commanding. He catechized me as if I were in the witness box, and then, right there, on the porch of the Y hut, he began knocking the Y, although he was gracious enough to praise the women's work. I replied that it was a great pity there had been so many misfits in *all* departments, but I supposed it was unavoidable, owing to the magnitude of the task and the short time in which it had to be done. He caught what I meant, and said that the army had not been troubled with misfits. He was a bit belligerent about it, and when he left, I don't think he liked me. He will contradict you flatly, without a qualm. He has evidently become so used to command, that he wishes to command everyone.

The country is wonderful now. The fruit trees have shed their blossoms, but in the gardens here the red hawthorn is out, sweetwilliams are growing tall, peonies are in bloom, and ferns are unfolding their long fronds. We have had three weeks of marvelous weather, and it shows no sign of breaking.

I had a very pleasant time dancing last evening; I had four dances with a man who can waltz divinely, and who seems a gentleman. He has just been in an auto wreck,

and was rather bandaged up. I don't know whether all the men in this army know and love machines, or whether those who do just naturally drift to me.

I am seeing a good deal of a certain Frenchman at our dances. Outwardly, he is extremely courteous. When he gets a girl away from an American, he bows to the American, and asks "You will allow it?" I heard a story the other day. A Y girl, walking along with a lot of packages, was run into by a French officer. He scraped and bowed around, apologizing most profusely; but it was an American doughboy who picked up the bundles.

The other afternoon we had a group of four women entertainers who gave us a half hour's program. They were regular theatrical people. The pianist, who played very well, and accompanied wonderfully, was well dressed, wearing as the finish to her costume a good-sized neck-piece of fur. In warm weather that did not appeal to the doughboys. The youth next to me hoped she would be warm enough, with her fur. He also commented on the amount of paint she had on. These doughboys are hard to fool.

Sometimes I sell ice cream, making change in both French and German money. It is rather fun. I also sometimes pour chocolate. I have been reading German script for Mrs. N., picking dead pansies, and doing a certain part of the overseeing of the German gardeners. The other afternoon I had a big crowd at the chocolate barrage, where the boys are daily given chocolate and doughnuts. I had to hold them up several times because the plates had been washed so badly. The maids would give me black looks, every time I brought out another pile I had condemned. But by the end of the afternoon I was getting plates you could not find a streak on, anywhere. My German is coming in quite handy!

I have just received a bunch of eighteen letters. But I heard one Y man say that he had once been so long without mail that he got one hundred and eight letters all at once.

At present, I am making myself as useful as I can, and am having quite the time of my life. The weather continues like heaven; I have charming associates, and a sort of grand house party, all day long, with apparently all the men in creation to talk to, if I wish. An opportunity, indeed!

On Tuesday I went with a new girl, just added to our force, to Bonn, on the Rhine. This was a part of our work, mind you. There were several hundred soldiers on board the boat, and we were supposed to "float." Floating appeals to me, although it is rather hard to talk all day. It was a wonderful trip: a glorious day, a nice boat, flying the American flag, and entirely devoted to soldiers. The trip lasted from nine-thirty to four. We spent nearly two hours in Bonn. A Y man explained the sights, and we got booklets, telling of the legends, which I shall read when I get time. At Bonn we went through the town, Cook's tourist fashion, saw the university buildings, an old church, and the Beethoven Museum. It was very interesting. In some of his manuscripts the rough drafts were so very rough and crossed that I couldn't make head or tail out of them. And the finished copies were about as legible as print. His old piano was there, and it seems to be the thing to play on it. I should never have done it, however, if the Y man hadn't asked me to. I played a few chords, and, of course, it was in awful shape. You can read about it all in Baedeker.

Little did I think, when I was last on the Rhine, that my next trip would be with a boat-load of American soldiers, who had come as conquerors of Germany.

One feature of the soldier's life is "Crap." Even on the boat, about a dozen of them gathered in one end, oblivious

of all such trifles as scenery, and "shot crap." Officers tell of having lost several months' pay, and being broke. Privates tell of the wad they won last night, which they don't expect to keep.

Andernach has a delightful park, facing the Rhine. And all over the city are remains of old Roman walls. One old watch-tower, and an old gate, certainly look odd, cheek by jowl with the Y frame buildings. The attitude certain people take about this Rhineland scenery makes me rather tired. It is to me undeniably beautiful, even though, as it happens, I have seen grander. May not a thing be beautiful, even though it be not superlatively so? I have no quarrel with them when they refuse to consider, in a comparison of beauty, the historical associations involved. Many people, who are merely carried away by romantic interest, claim to be talking about beauty. As a matter of fact, I think the German flag, with its combination of color, and the simple dignity of the long bars, beautiful. Yet the Germans stand for every thing I hate.

It is pathetic to hear these boys talk of the hardships they had when coming into Germany: walking twenty miles a day, frequently insufficiently fed, with eighty-five pound packs on their backs; they didn't care whether they lived or died. Splendid, strong looking men would throw away every ounce they could, and be left with no blankets on the cold nights. They looked like skeletons, when they got here. I talked yesterday to one young fellow of twenty-two, who looks all of thirty. Our army may not have been in it very long, but while they were in, it was hard.

Generals are getting to be quite a commonplace around here. General Pershing came, one day recently, met the ladies, inspected everything, told the boys in a short speech that they were soon going home, and departed in a blaze of glory in his Loco car.

## CHAPTER VIII

Tall stories of Southern youth—Grand ball at hut—Farewell party—Ball game in fancy dress—No love lost between privates and officers—Ruined tower and two intelligent sergeants—Of our attitude towards the Germans—Scotchmen in kilts—Reform of nice little corporal—Trip to Cologne—Dust and food shortage—Our mess at Andernach, Belgian waitress, German cook and his cakes—My delightful billet—My landlady's heirlooms—Her friendliness—Grand and glorious time—More talk of our attitude to the Germans—Technicities of the Liberty trucks—Fourth of July—Fortress of Ehrenbreitstein—"At home I'm his chauffeur"—Maria Laach—Round-faced youth's tall story of his mother—Third division leaving for home—"I have been so happy here!"—Last big dance—in charge of hut—British tea party—General H. again—More ice cream—Youth with marked social gifts, who reads Dante, eats seven huge dishes!—Belgian gardener and his German wife—Other Y workers envious of opportunities at Andernach—Y activities—I am now sole Y worker here—My work drawing to a close.

**M**Y BILLET is still delightful. The lilacs are blooming profusely, whole trees of them, in the major's garden; the nightingale sings at intervals; and my landlady is most friendly.

I usually do my writing now at the hut, as I want to be on call, if I am wanted. I have had many interesting conversations at this writing-table. One yesterday was with a southern youth, who had been in all the Mexican border troubles. Like so many of these southerners (and I didn't know till I came over here that there were so many southerners in existence) he was a talker, and he talked for an hour, hardly stopping to take breath. Undoubtedly much fiction is related as fact by these boys. How much of this boy's tale was true, I have of course no means of knowing. But it was at least extremely entertaining. His father had begun life poor, and had amassed a fortune in the movies, I believe. He has recently settled on this son four million dollars, half of it in solid cash!

It seems that seven years ago, a noted automobile race was up, on which large sums of money were bet. He was much surprised that I had not heard of this race. The man who was to drive, broke his arm at the last minute, so to speak; and this boy, then fourteen, drove

the race and won. He drove a Rambler at one hundred and twenty miles an hour, the man with the broken arm being there as mechanic and director. He says that at that speed, the road seems to come together, and not be wide enough. It looks as if it were falling on you, and unless your nerve is perfect, you are gone. Whether this is true or not, I can believe this youth would be capable of all of this. He looks like it. To one reading about him, he seems to have been boasting. But to me, not altogether unsophisticated, it sounded like a man who either was telling of facts, or believed himself that he was. If a novelist's imagination led him away from the broad highway of truth to the by-paths of fiction, I believe that he at least was convinced that he was telling the truth. \* \* \* In all the time he talked, of home experiences, the Mexican border, automobiles, and the two girls, he never once mentioned any experiences over here. And yet he has been in the thick of it all, with the original Third Division. I asked him why he was so silent on the subject. He answered that he had lost very good friends at the front, and it had all been so bad that he didn't like to talk about it.

You can see, with youths like that floating around, where I get my letter-writing done.

There is one boy here, not yet seventeen, who has been in the army a year. He is the partner with whom that youth always follows me around the dancing floor until the music stops, and then this youngster is left unceremoniously in the lurch. "Boy Scout" is what they call him. \* \* \* Last evening we had a grand ball. There were fifty women present, gathered from all parts of this leave area. And we also had ice cream, and features. Maj. Gen. H. led the grand march, with Mrs. N. There was a squad drill, with four squads, four colonels judging. My red-headed boy of the Mexican border, just spoken

of, got the prize. He is such a friendly chap, and afterwards came up for my commendation, just like a child. There was certainly a precision, a clockwork snappiness about this drill which was great. I was not surprised at his winning the prize. He strikes me as that sort. He insisted on getting my address. I wonder how many of the youths to whom I have given it will ever turn up?

There was one interesting feature: there were hundreds of men, and only fifty women, as I have said; so the men formed in line for dancing tickets, red-white and blue. When the red flag was flying, the red tickets were good, and so on. Each number had two encores. At the close of each third of the time when red ruled, any other red ticket holder would be privileged to "tag" a girl. Thus one small group did not get all the dances, as so often happens on ordinary nights. Of course, as was to be expected, some of them got tickets of all three colors. But when they flew the American flag, it was a free-for-all. There were many fancy dress costumes, a Mephistopheles, a purple velvet court garb, and all that sort of thing. These were for the boys to wear at the dances, when it pleased them. But the rules required that the girls wear their uniforms. This rule was at times evaded by the girls.

Evening before last, we had a party, a farewell to one of the girls who is leaving for home. We broke the rules just a little bit, but who wouldn't, when some girl is going back home? After the dance at the hut was over, we closed up everything, turned out the lights, so that all the boys left, and then at about ten o'clock, -thirty of us came back, sat around a blazing fire in the huge fireplace, sang songs, played games, and ate Welsh rarebit. At about eleven-thirty we began to dance. It was shortly before that the telephone rang, and Mrs. N. answered it. It was Col. P. When he found out that Mrs. N. was

giving a party, he asked her to tell the corporal of the guard, who was on the way thither, to call him up when he arrived. He had been trying for an hour to get the hut, but hadn't succeeded. The telephone is a long way from the fire-place, and we were not a particularly silent party! He said he thought some boys had broken in and were holding high carnival in the Y hut. So he had sent a guard around, to arrest the outfit. Mrs. N. kept all this dark from the rest of us, but told one boy. We were dancing merrily, when the guard burst in on us. The boy I was dancing with exclaimed, "The joint's pinched!" It was after twelve, and all Y women are supposed to be in their billets by twelve, and the soldiers off the streets by ten. We didn't know what was going to happen. Personally, I saw nothing to get excited about; but the boys, who were in a little different position from mine, gathered in a knot around the guard, and for five minutes there was much agitation. The corporal, in the meantime, was calling up Col. P. and getting his discharge. Then Mrs. N. took the rest of us into her confidence, and escorted the guards back and gave them the rest of the Welsh rarebit. We then all went home. One young fellow took me home in a machine, which he had at his disposal.

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May 30th.—I have seen a bicycle here with many little springs fitted on the rim of the wheel, the springs resting on another rim. A clever substitute for rubber tires.  
\* \* \* The other day I heard a cuckoo in the valley. I think I haven't heard one since my first summer in England. \* \* \* It seems that there are eleven hundred women welfare workers in the army of occupation, seven hundred of whom are shortly to be sent home. I had that from General H. The entertainers are all going home. And General H. has now issued an order that all

Germans must be off the street at night by 9:30. I am glad of that. It used to worry me that the Germans could gather on the streets after the Americans were all in their quarters for the night.

Yesterday Mrs. N. took me with her to a greenhouse, where she bought a lot of flowers. I talked German for her, and incidentally had a beautiful ride on a Quad-Nash. The flowers now are in most beautiful bloom, the hawthorn is a dream, and the weather still continues like heaven. In the afternoon, as an amusement for the soldiers, there was a baseball game between a bunch of boys and some Y girls. It was advertised all over town, and quite a large crowd attended. The 7th infantry band played, and General H. threw the first ball. The boys had to pitch and bat left-handed; and, as further handicap, they had to dress in feminine attire, which was procured from the property-room. We have one connected with our hut, where fancy-dress costumes are kept for use at our balls. To see the great hob-nailed shoes and khaki legs showing beneath a blue satin skirt, and to see the boys' attitudes, legs wide apart, leaning over with hands on knees! And the dresses themselves were so absurd! One was a tight-fitting blue satin, with a chiffon ruffle of yellow, accordion pleated, torn on one side, hanging down, and showing through the gap the khaki legs in action! Another was a decollete pink satin. It was too small, and kept slipping off the shoulders; the wearer couldn't do up the back, so it had been left undone. He was catcher, and his gymnastics in that pink satin ball-gown were delicious! He had good looking arms and neck, too. It was a screamingly funny game. Needless to say, the girls played badly, and so did the boys. Two lieutenants acted as umpires, and gave the game to the girls. Of course the girls were supposed to win, whatever happened; but if two privates had been umpires and had

given the game away, it would merely have been considered *place aux dames*; as it was I could tell by several remarks I heard made by privates that they felt the officers were currying favor with the ladies at the privates' expense. As a rule, officers and privates do not love one another. Mrs. N. and I did not play. In the write-up of the game in the "Watch on the Rhine," the official news sheet of the Third Division, one of the things mentioned was that Miss T. had been arrested by an M. P. for stealing bases!

The other day Mrs. N. and I had a ride of about three hours, including a most interesting visit to a ruined castle. Geraldine Farrar is said to have spent some time there. In the good old days, it was the residence of a queen, or duchess, named Genevieve, and about her a romantic tale is told. We passed through exquisite scenery; green hills, the highways bordered on both sides with blooming cherry and apple trees (which, by the way, needed pruning, fertilizing and spraying); charming little villages nestling in the hollows of the hills; and, over all, a brilliant blue sky, with fleecy white clouds. I have seldom had a pleasanter joy-ride. We explored the castle, and from the big tower we had a view of all creation. There I had quite a talk with two nice sergeants, both of them intelligent fellows.

One was deplored the hatred of the Germans that had arisen among our people at home. He seemed to feel that the tales told of them were exaggerated. And he said that while we deplored the things they had undoubtedly done, at the same time there was no need for us to hate and persecute the German people, who really, in a way, were not to blame. I told him the way I look at it. A man's actions are governed by his ideals. No matter how sweet and gentle his nature may be; if he be once thoroughly imbued with the importance of forcing

Teutonic supremacy, and Teutonic Kultur on the rest of the world, for the world's own good; and if he thoroughly believes that the end justifies the means; then, the finest qualities in his nature will be perverted to the service of those ideals. Until you can convert him, there is nothing you can do, when he becomes a menace to the rest of the freedom-loving world, but to exterminate him.

Hatred of the individual is indeed not a good thing. But when men adopt hateful ideals, one must deal with them as the expression of their ideals. I feel that one of the dangers confronting America and England is their readiness, when the fight is over, to make up and shake hands. This is the result, in part, of their temperament, and in part of their training in sport, a training of which the German knows nothing. Bismarck, himself, who surely knew the German people, contemptuously dubbed them a nation of waiters. He counted on their qualities of sheep-like obedience to authority. And so on, and so on. I talked for quite a while; I hope I made an impression. Many of the men talk as he does. I see his point of view. It is a point of view that requires very clear thinking in dealing with it, or it will lead to just what the Germans are trying to get.

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ANDERNACH, June 5.—I heard some soldiers the other day speaking of the Germans and discussing the present situation. One lieutenant was saying that when they first came into Germany they couldn't understand why everyone was so pleasant, and treated the Americans like long-lost friends. But while many of the soldiers for a time felt that they liked them pretty well, they are rapidly changing their minds. The Germans are now unmasking themselves. They had probably heard wild tales of these terrible American fighters; and as in their minds, fine fighting goes with cruelty, they probably looked forward

to being scalped. So they tried to placate the foe. When they found the Americans easy-going and kindly, I suppose they got a contempt for them. Any way, they began to take advantage of them. \* \* \* Musically I am not doing as much now, in this religious and leave-area work, as I did when I was in the entertainment department. But I certainly am having the "time of my young life," and, in a way, I feel that I am coming into my own. \* \* \* Incidentally, I have the chance, any time I wish, to ride a lovely horse. But I have no proper costume, and so I do not ride. It makes me feel quite badly when I see these beautiful creatures going by.

In answer to your question, a shave-tail is a second lieutenant; and from the Sam Browne belt he wears, any officer is called a Sam Browne. \* \* \* At our regular dance last evening, I had two partners who said I was the first Y girl they had danced with for eighteen months. And sometimes a man tells you he hasn't even talked with an American woman for eighteen months. \* \* \* Yesterday, as I was selling ice cream, there was a perfect invasion of the hut by the British. A leave boat had come in, and the place was filled with them, including many Scotchmen in their kilts. It was rather interesting. For the last two or three Sunday evenings they have danced here at the hut. It does not accord with my ideas, and I don't do it. \* \* \* I know a nice corporal, who has character, brains and common sense, and should make something of himself. His views on life and men are as fine as anyone could wish to hear. He is only twenty, but he has made his own way for years, both parents being dead. When he was sixteen, he drank to excess, but now he is as sober as a judge.

Yesterday I had a lovely trip to Cologne. The weather continues to be exactly like heaven, and we had the sun behind us. But we were thickly covered with dust. Our

own mothers wouldn't have known us. These Macadam roads have a great deal of heavy traffic, and no hint of oil. Personally, while I do not enjoy the dust, *per se*, I would much rather have a ride, with dust, than no ride, and no dust, and I was very happy. The scenery is suggestive of our Columbia River Highway, but only suggestive. It is futile to compare the Rhine and the Columbia. But it was a lovely ride, anyway, of about one hundred miles. We were gone seven hours. We reached Cologne about noon, and then came the trouble of getting something to eat. It is not as simple as it is here in Andernach. Cologne is under the British, and is on rations. We were not allowed at the officers' club, as we were not officers; nor in the hotel for enlisted men, as we were not enlisted men. Just as we were beginning to despair, we found the British Y. M. C. A., and they gave us a very good meal, free of charge, which was very nice of them. The five soldiers did not fare so well as we three Y people. They ate at the hotel for enlisted men, and got very little. So at three they started in to find something else, and got lost. They came back about five, and still hadn't found anything. I felt very sorry for our driver. He had had nothing since five-thirty a. m., and then only three pancakes. And coming back, the dust! However, I wouldn't have missed it. It was a delightful experience. I always did say I never had auto rides enough. I guess I am a natural born autoist.

At our last dance there was a pathetic figure of a "Sam Browne," standing on the edge of the crowd, looking very boyish and longing, so anxious to dance that his feet could not keep still. He complained that the officers got no chance, there were so many privates.

I am certainly enjoying our mess. It is for five women; and as there are now only four of us, we take turns in having a guest. Our waitress is a Belgian woman, once

a professional dancer. She is now reduced to this position. The war has brought her great hardships. I will say for her that she is absolutely devoted to us, and would give us her head if we wanted it. She made herself very ill recently by eating the five portions of cucumbers that had been left on the table after our meal; and then drinking a quantity of water. Even yet, she has not learned moderation, after her starvation experience.

\* \* \* Our German cook is a very nervous man, and she has her trials with him. He has taken cooking prizes at expositions, and all through the war he cooked for 4000 men. He responds to human treatment, just the same. He told one of the servants I was a delightful lady —just because I praised his cake.

It seems to me that in everything I have been exceedingly fortunate. Take my billet for example. Some of the girls have been put into houses where the landlords were very unfriendly, and in one or two cases the girls were rather nervous about it. During the recent movement of troops, a group of Y women were put into a hotel in the center of town, where they had much unpleasantness from a drunken German, resulting in a nervous shock to them. I, on the other hand, am with pleasant and obliging people, away off on the edge of town, absolutely remote from drunken brawls, and tucked away in the corner as I am, I feel absolutely safe. Especially as khaki is always in evidence, no matter how remote the side street may be. Indeed, as time goes on, I consider myself more and more fortunate in my billet. Last evening, when I came home, I had a little conversation with my landlady and her mother. She was showing me many interesting heirlooms: such as a piece of pottery four hundred years old; a set of furniture, made from oaks planted by her great-grandfather, as well as a metal-trimmed chest that looked like a museum piece.

They are evidently people of refinement. Recently, when I was getting ready to appear before General Pershing, I got some hot irons to press out my things, and my landlady helped me there in the kitchen, and we were as friendly as could be.

I have just met an interesting chap, a Dane by birth and a painter by profession. He expects to live in Paris after the war. He is a splendid physical specimen, has a very fine face; and made a bee line for the piano when he heard me playing Chopin's ballade in A flat. He has a New York friend (whom he expects to become a famous man) who plays this ballade. He soon asked for Grieg. He is one of a great many I have met lately who think the peace terms too hard on Germany. I always give them my little talk. I hope I convince them. I usually get them to agree with me. Perhaps they do so out of politeness—at any rate, I show them another point of view.  
\* \* \* I am enjoying my present life and am trying to make the most of it, for it will never happen again. I am having a grand and glorious time.

On our recent trip to Cologne, I had a chance to go with Dr. F. in a Liberty truck. I climbed up on the front seat with the driver, and we set off. Dr. F. is nervous in a machine. He knows nothing about one, and as soon as I got in he warned me against touching the gear shift. Later on, the driver killed his engine; then he cranked it; and when it began to race, I adjusted the spark and hand throttle before the driver could get up there. Not knowing just how far down the latter should go, when the car was idling, I very nearly killed it again; and before I got it to the proper place, I had been playing quite a little tune. The driver, in the meantime, when he found I could manage that end, got under the hood, and began some carburetor adjustments, telling me meanwhile what to do up above. I could see that Dr. F. was

worried. I don't know whether he thought I would make a mistake, and start the thing, and run into the car ahead, or whether he thought I would do something to make the whole thing blow up. What he said, however, was harmless. "I see you can play on that thing, too."\* But enough of mechanics.

Yesterday was the glorious Fourth. In the morning there were athletic features; in the afternoon a big game of baseball, and in the evening fire-works. There were war-rockets and stars, and it was a beautiful sight. A steady white fire on the banks of the Rhine lighted up the whole region, and then with a great rush of sound the huge rockets would leap into the sky, and, trembling on the apex of their flight, would unfurl a row of stars which would swing back and forth; the red and green stars would go up and then would fall into the water. Parachutes with balls of white fire would zig-zag slowly down and would end their lives in the waters of the Rhine. It was a still evening, and the river was like a ribbon of glass, reflecting the lights in long paths. On both sides of the river, the Second and Third Divisions were vying with each other to see which could produce the most spectacular display. We had the glory of these fire-works, which had been made to aid in Germany's destruction, and were now shot off in the heart of the country by a conquering army. A friend explained to me what each rocket meant—the signals for going over the top, advancing the barrage, and so on. I think that many of the soldiers did not enjoy the performance very much, as it brought back so vividly the experiences of a year ago. These rockets, snuffed out in the German river, doubtless recalled the time, a year before, when the flare in the sky had not been meant to entertain, and had presaged the death of many of their comrades.

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\*Here follows much technical talk of the machine.—H. M. T.

I come to the hut about half-past eight in the morning, and practice an hour, before any of the girls arrive. There are a few soldiers, but I pay no attention to them. It is very lovely, working here in the early morning. As I sit at the piano, looking out over the Rhine, I see the traffic of both the distant railroad and the river, going up and down; there are the terraced vineyards on the farther bank, with the sun shining on the vines; and always the river, flowing swiftly to the sea. It is an advantage to get up early in the morning.

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July 15.—The other evening, when I was in Coblenz, an amusing thing happened. First of all, a little explanation is due about the feeling between the Second and Third Divisions. They were both in the Chateau-Thierry fight, and the Second claim that the tide was turned by their marines. The Third contend that the marines were not in it at all, and that it was the Third that did the business. Naturally, they love each other as Seattle and Portland do, or St. Paul and Minneapolis. You can't get either one to say a single good word for the other. So, when our party were taken up to Fort Ehrenbreitstein, which is manned with Second Divisioners, many comments were made by the officers with whom we messed that evening, on my affiliation with the Third Division; a fact that could easily be seen from the insignia sewed on my shoulder. I did not say much, and answered their banter good naturedly, but without admitting any inferiority of the Third Division. After mess, the chaplain took us in tow, and we went to the big Y hut. It is outside the fortress gate, and the meeting was to begin at six-thirty. I only wish I could have seen more of the fortress itself, a wonderfully interesting place. The view out over the Rhine was wonderful. As to the audience, however, it was entirely missing. So

while the others talked for half an hour, I practiced. At 7 o'clock we found out why there was no audience. The soldiers had to have passes to get out of the fort, and into the hut; and the chaplain and the other officers had, among them, forgotten all about issuing the passes. Naturally, none of the boys turned up at vesper services. The chaplain was horribly chagrined. As he put us into our auto, he said: "Now, I know this is too good a story to keep. I know you will tell it. But please don't tell what the chaplain's name was, or that it was the — artillery" (I have forgotten the number). I looked him in the eye and said, "No, all I shall say is that it happened to me in the Second Division." I wish you could have seen that man's face!

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July 18.—On Wednesday I went out to a beautiful place called Maria Laach. The convent there was built about the year twelve hundred. We saw the chapel and the lovely surroundings, with their old-world gardens. The lake is surrounded by wooded hills.

I was interested in the wild flowers along the route, among the rest various kinds of blue bells; and fire weed, like ours at home, only smaller. In some very lovely gardens I have seen here in Andernach, along with the tiger lilies, larkspur, fox-glove and ferns, is this same fire-weed, grown big under cultivation. And on the way to Maria Laach we also saw fields of beautiful poppies. I suppose the men of this army will never see poppies again without feeling something sinister in their scarlet splendor, and thinking of them as they grew in Flanders fields.

The other day, when we Y girls gave away two thousand liters of ice cream at the Division track-meet, I did not enjoy it wildly, and got very tired. Then I had a nice rest by riding for twenty minutes in a fine car with

my First Division friend from Montabaur, who used to drive me in a Ford.

You would never think that a Belgian would marry a German, but our Belgian gardener did. He had been a prisoner in a German camp for four years, and this girl had been very kind to him there. When he returned to his home and found his wife and children dead, he straightway married the girl, though he had to go to Holland to do it; and now he is in trouble, because he can't get his wife into Belgium. Of such stuff are some marriages made!

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July 20.—Dr. F. has come back from Paris, where he watched the big peace parade, in the society of Miss Anne Morgan and an English baronet. Our men's marching was so superb as to bring from the baronet supreme praise. In his politely expressed opinion, the Americans deserved first place in point of excellence, and the English of course came next.

This tale was told me about a French girl. She had promised to go out one evening with a young American officer. At the last moment, his military duties prevented him from keeping his engagement, and he sent a friend in his place. When the friend returned, the officer inquired as to whether the place had been easy to find, whether he had seen the girl, and whether he had had a good time. To the first two questions, the friend curtly answered "Yes," and to the last question he curtly answered "No." That was all that could be gotten out of him. But the girl was less reticent. She said, "Oh, yes, your friend came, but he was nothing but a common private, and so of course I couldn't go with him!" Whereupon the officer answered, "Let me tell you something about that 'common private.' At home he is a multi-millionaire, and I am his chauffeur. And if it hadn't

been for him, I should never have had my commission. He was the one that made it possible for me." Needless to add, this French girl never had a second chance to go out with that particular private.

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July 25.—Yesterday I was talking to a youth with a round face and exceedingly wide-awake and lively eyes, who tells some tall stories of his home. He reports that they have an \$11,000 racing Lozier car, and that his mother once drove him in it fifty-nine miles in forty-five minutes. She also plays a smashing game of pool, as well as of tennis; and at a fox-hunt will take fences declined by the rest of the field! If a boy must talk fiction, how amiable of him to make his mother the heroine!

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August 1.—The foundations of the deep—in this case the Third Division—are breaking up. My mess has ceased, and I now have my meals with some Y men and Y detail. It is only for a few days, and while not so pleasant, can't be helped. All Y activities except the Rhine hut have been closed; all that is now left is what little is being done in the First Division, which leaves in two weeks, and in Coblenz, with the permanent army of occupation. Nearly nine thousand Y people engaged in one kind or another of welfare work in France and in Germany have been sent home. I am the only woman in the hut who has been asked to stay.

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August 3.—One thing I find in running the hut. I have come into contact with officers more than I used to do. Last evening General H. came in with a gorgeous-looking creature, who turned out to be a naval captain.

The center of the hall was vacant, and we three promenaded the whole length and back again, and stood for a while in the middle of the hall. All the soldiers around had nothing better to do than to gaze at us. Afterwards one of my friends said that he would have given a good deal to have had his camera to take a snap shot of me as I stood in the middle of the floor. It would have been quite a souvenir. Yesterday and today I have been talking with officers who came in, whom I used to leave to the other girls. General H. was saying last evening that I am the only American woman in the entire Third Division area. Several have asked me if I was not lonesome. I am, indeed, the only Y worker now left in this entire area. The last Y men left today.

I hated to part from the Third Division. And I am feeling now much as I did when I left Paris: lonesome for friends left behind, wondering as to the future, and I hope, as then, standing on the threshold of a much bigger experience than any that preceded it.

The day at the hut when I began reigning in my solitary splendor, there was free ice cream, served in big cups; and the capacity of some of those chaps was enormous! Helping to dish it out in the kitchen was the youth who has beaten me so much at chess, and whose parents gave him such conflicting advice about killing Germans. He is very brainy, with a remarkable social talent, reads Dante for recreation, and heretofore I have seen only the grown-up side of him. Last evening he told me he had eaten seven big plates full, and had then drunk a lot of water, and he didn't think a cigarette paper could be squeezed between his belt and himself!

\* \* \* \* \*

I am now directing about twenty men and women, and it seems that the servants like me. \* \* \* General H. come in and made me a moment's visit. His errand con-

cerned sleeping accommodations for about a dozen soldiers. Threats to burn the hut down, rather than have it sold to the Germans, have been made by some of the men. The plan was to have soldiers sleep there at night.

An English woman who has been working with the French lately came in, and exclaimed on all that we have here. And last week two Y workers, a man and a woman who have been working with the First Division, frankly said that they were made envions by the beauty of the place. In the First Division, they have had so little chance; and the Third, taken altogether, was amazingly more fortunate. One hears that same tale from other divisions. The Third has so much more than they have.

The other day we had an invasion of the hut by nine British officers. They asked for tea, and I got the servants to prepare some. While we were waiting, I took them all out on the veranda, and talked to them. I say that advisedly, because it was I who did the talking. The lieutenant colonel and the major were pleasant-faced gentlemen, who simply didn't talk, but at least they looked friendly. The other seven were good modern duplicates of the Sphinx. A nice position for a girl who is shy, and no talker! Here I was, confronted by nine rather gorgeous-looking officers sitting around in a ring, and studying me with the same impersonal attention a scientist would bestow upon a new and loquacious bug. I succeeded in talking as well as I ever do (I will say that for myself). At last, an American lieutenant came and rescued me.

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Telephoning here is a matter not to be gone into lightly, but to be well-considered first, and then undertaken with fasting and prayer. Today I tried to get Coblenz—it took me forty-five minutes. And that isn't

all; you have to carry around in your head the most weird names for the different lines. Coblenz, for instance, is Doodlebug. And as we are on an R circuit, every line, in this area begins with R. Andernach is Raleigh; there are Rattle-snake and Reptile—I can't begin to remember them all. But I do remember one day being clear down the hall, and hearing a voice calling in a frenzied fashion, "Give me Relief!" When I get home, no matter how bad the service may be, I shall think of Andernach, and be thankful for the blessings I have.

I have lately had two visits from the captain of the 8th Infantry of the regular army, who is now in command of this area. As long as the 8th Infantry is here, which will probably be about two months, he wants the hut kept open. In case I stay, he would have me billeted in the same house with himself and his wife, a very lovely villa near the hut, with marble floors, etc. He seems to feel extremely friendly to the Y, which would make it very delightful for me. I don't believe, however, that I shall stay that long.

Andernach, the leave-area center for about twenty-five thousand men, has had many more welfare activities than any other place in the division area. The following have been activities of the Y. The big Rhine hut had a force of ten Y women; and the casino, with a "wet canteen," had three women and a Y man. At this casino they sold chocolate and doughnuts and ice-cream, and they had a hall where meetings were sometimes held, and where tables were furnished with free writing materials. Third, there was a library with two large rooms, a good collection of books, and a woman in charge. This was managed jointly by the Y. M. C. A. and the A. L. A. More free writing materials were furnished here. The library was decorated most tastefully, and was a delightful place to go to, for those who wanted quiet.

Fourth, there was also a little place where athletic goods were kept and loaned to the boys—tennis rackets, balls and shoes; boxing-gloves, baseballs, mits and bats; all the equipment for basket-ball, soccer and football; and they even had an enormous push-ball, perhaps eight feet high, which men shoved around on horse-back. Fifth, there was the theater in the old hangar, where shows were given almost every night. There was another place where moving pictures were to be seen every night. Sixth, there was the free mess-hall, where the soldiers on leave who presented the tickets which had been given them, could get free meals three times a day, and very fair meals they were. I have eaten there, and know. My chief trouble, the preponderance of meat and potatoes, would not be likely to strike the average soldier as a disadvantage. These stores were furnished by the army, and the Y did the cooking. Then, seventh, for those who wanted to live a little better, there was the cafeteria, where for very little they could buy an extremely good meal. I lived there for a week and enjoyed it. Eighth, girls used to go to the hospitals every day, and distribute among the patients gay chatter and candy and cigarettes. Ninth, and last, every other day free excursion boats furnished by the army carried the boys up and down the Rhine, and two Y girls were on board, whose task was simply to "float" among the soldiers.

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Aug. 12.—I am leaving Andernach tomorrow for good. The place is now filling up with Algerians, in khaki-colored uniforms and red fezzes. It has ceased to be a desirable field of work for an American woman. Work in another place has been offered me, but I feel that I am not fresh enough to undertake it.

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Aug. 22.—Near Trez-Hir, France. I wish you could

see this beautiful place where I am waiting for my boat. It is not Trez-Hir, but is only about a mile and a half away; and while the view is not quite so beautiful, it is still a lovely place. Of course, I want to get home as quickly as I can. But since I know that there is absolutely nothing I can do to hurry the march of events, I can be very philosophic about the waiting, and very joyful that I can wait in so beautiful a spot. I have had another leave coming to me for some time, and I am taking part of it, at least, just where I should have chosen.

Trez-Hir was given up by the Y about a week ago. They took this hotel, which I had passed various times on my walks, and from the standpoint of hotel accommodations, it is more comfortable. I have only one room-mate, a delightful southern lady, who is unobtrusive, neat, and believes in keeping to her half of the room. I consider myself particularly lucky, especially as there are four girls here with dogs. One of the girls I was talking to has three room-mates with two dogs.

I am at present writing in the sun, looking out to sea. The ocean is perfectly smooth and blue; innumerable small fishing-boats dot its surface, one of the larger ones having beautiful white sails, with the top sail a rusty red; a most beautiful effect. Occasionally a large steamer plows across the horizon.

Yesterday and today, the weather has been fine, not hot, but sunny. I am sitting in the sun, with yellow-jackets buzzing harmlessly about me. I was never hurt by one yet. I am watching the Brittany peasants with their two-wheeled carts, to which the horses are hitched tandem. The tide is low, and they are gathering seaweed. I am getting the most delightful odor of seaweed and salt-water.

Nobody knows how delighted I shall be to get home.















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